

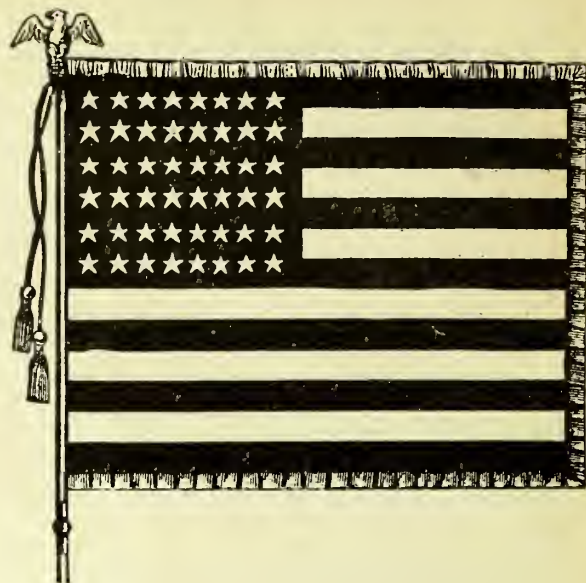
The American Legion *Weekly*

JANUARY 23, 1920
Vol. 2 No. 4



• Ten Cents a Copy.

W. T. Schwarz



Official Banner of the American Legion

As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

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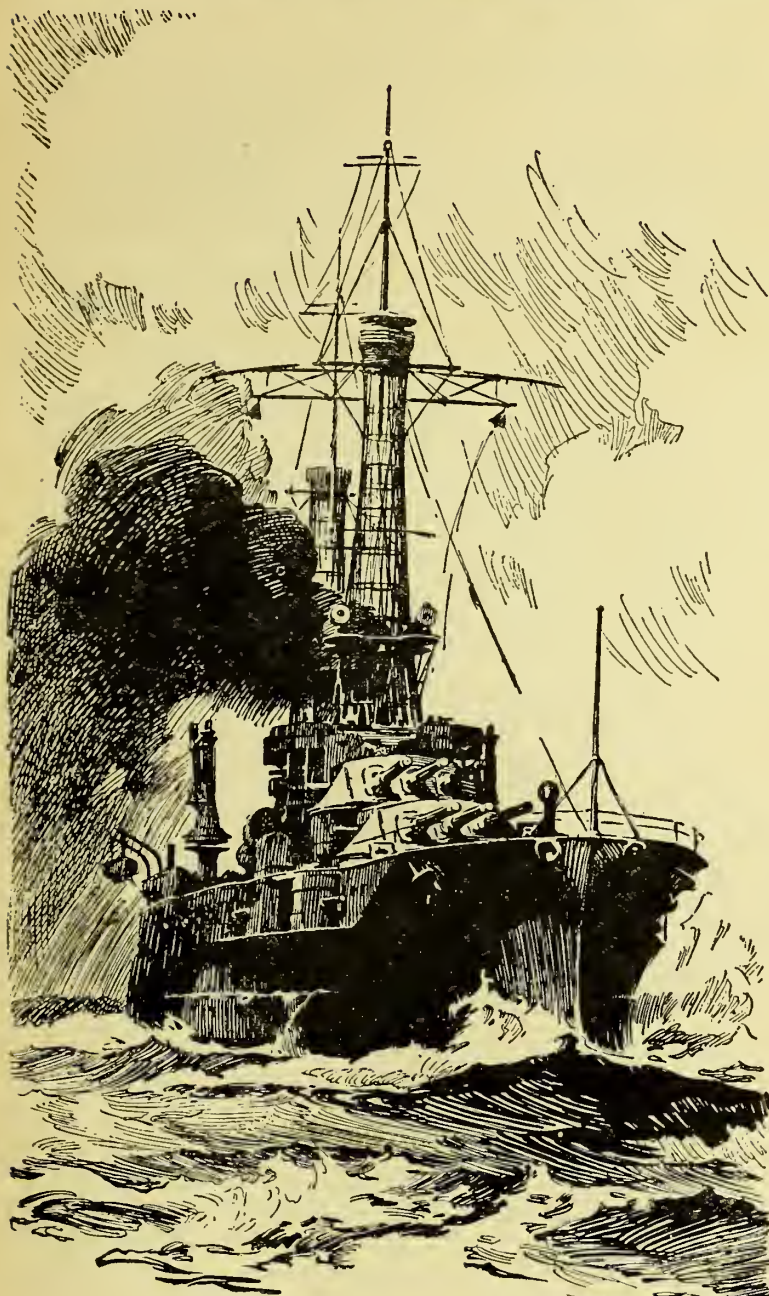
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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
THE AMERICAN LEGION,
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Emblem Division

If you had been on the Arizona



HERE she comes, homeward bound, with "a bone in her teeth," and a record for looking into many strange ports in six short months.

If you had been one of her proud sailors you would have left New York City in January, been at Guantanamo, Cuba, in February, gone ashore at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in March and stopped at Brest, France, in April to bring the President home. In May the Arizona swung at her anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey. In June she rested under the shadow of Gibraltar and in July she was back in New York harbor.

Her crew boasts that no millionaire tourist ever globe-trotted like this. There was one period of four weeks in which the crew saw the coasts of North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

An enlistment in the navy

gives you a chance at the education of travel. Your mind is quickened by contact with new people, new places, new ways of doing things.

Pay begins the day you join. On board ship a man is always learning. There is work to be done and he is taught to do it well. Trade schools develop skill, industry and business ability. Work and play are planned by experts. Thirty days furlough each year with full pay. The food is fine. A full outfit of clothing is provided free. Promotion is unlimited for men of brains. You can enlist for two years and come out broader, stronger, abler. "The Navy made a man of me" is an expression often heard.

Apply at any recruiting station if you are over 17. There you will get full information. If you can't find the recruiting station, ask your Postmaster. He knows.

Shove off! Join the U. S. Navy



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Get in touch with your local post. If there is no local post, write to the Department Commander or Department Adjutant of your State. Join The American Legion.

You helped give the Boche all that was coming to him. Have you got everything that is coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your *War Risk Allotment or Allowance, Quartermaster or Navy Allotment, Compensation, Insurance, Liberty Bonds, Bonus, Travel Pay, Back Pay?*

The American Legion is ready to help straighten out your accounts. Write or tell your troubles to your Department War Risk Officer of The American Legion. Write in care of your Department Adjutant.

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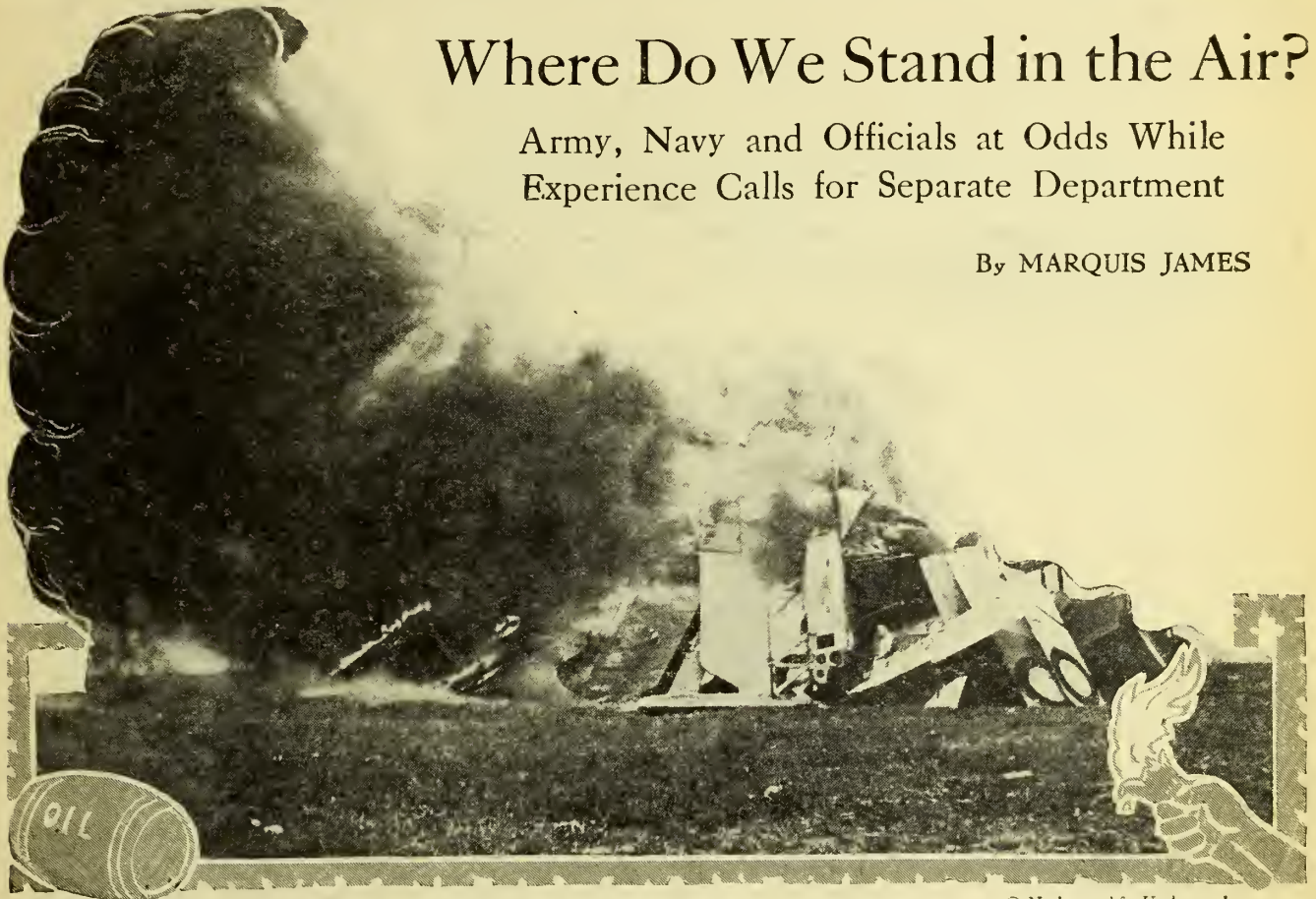
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Where Do We Stand in the Air?

Army, Navy and Officials at Odds While
Experience Calls for Separate Department

By MARQUIS JAMES



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The rain-soaked ashes of the "million dollar blaze" at Colombey-les-Belles are but an indication of the fact that America's splendid air machine has been wrecked and broken to pieces.

WHO may gainsay the wisdom of the framers of the almanac who put the longest days of the year in the month of June? By experience I have found that is where they belong. By June of last year, after several months of unflagging effort, I had progressed as far as the Army Evacuation Center, at Le Mans, on that long road of many turnings which took the homeward bound pilgrim of democracy out of the A. E. F. And there, for the time being, I stuck, and postponed again were my visions of peeling off the O. D. in favor of long pants and a checkered vest.

One of those interminable June afternoons discovered me in the rooms of the Automobile Club de France, in the Place de Republique, in conversation with a retired French major, a celebrated traveler, sportsman and pistol shot. He knew his New York as well as the average American knows it. He was speaking of his impressions of our country when my eye was caught by a picture on the wall. It was a picture of an airplane

of curious design. It sailed along barely forty feet above the ground, almost

Where does America stand in the air now? It does not stand at all. It drifts supinely on a sea of petty bickering, vacillating indecision and official short-sightedness—an unworthy spectacle to behold. Our magnificent air force, built up at the expense of squandered millions and heart-breaking disillusionments during the war, which, when the armistice intervened, was ready to strike blows from the skies the like of which the world has never seen, has perished like a morning glory. That's what our greatest air war effort amounted to—a morning glory, which budded and flowered in the darkness of an anxious night, blooming for a dawn which never came.

clipping the tops of a scrub pine thicket over which the pilot had taken it. My companion sniled.

"Shall we examine it?" he asked.

It was with something of a shock that I read the legend on the little silver plate affixed to the frame. The picture was of Wilbur Wright, the father of all heavier-than-air aviation, making the first airplane flight in the Old World. The event took place, my friend explained, just a few kilos east of Le Mans, on the estate of the Count d'Auvours. Americans should remember the spot, for the count was host to all the hosts that passed through Belgian Camp during the war and after. The camp was on his land.

The sand flat to the east of that famous old hole, where we built the rifle range, is the historic ground upon which the Ohioan proved to Europe's satisfaction the achievement of the dream of ages. He repeated in the Old World the successful conquest of the air, which had already been demonstrated in America, while scientific



"Lightning demobilization." That was the cry that put the final kibosh on our war air plant. That is how our wasted millions were really wasted.

Europe gazed upward in astonishment.

THAT picture struck me as possessing peculiar significance, as it must have to any fairly reflective American. Has the American nation been appreciative of the work of the Wrights? What has it done to develop the infinite vista of achievement to which their American genius was the open sesame? Has the vision of the nation kept pace with the development elsewhere of the vision of those pioneers, whose accomplishment has altered the entire aspect of nations struggling for military supremacy in war, and now, as sure as we live, is going to alter the aspect of nations struggling for commercial supremacy in peace?

Where does America stand in the air now? It does not stand at all. It drifts supinely on a sea of petty bickering, vacillating indecision and official short-sightedness—an unworthy spectacle to behold. Our magnificent air force, built up at the expense of squandered millions and heart-breaking disillusionments during the war, which was ready to strike blows from the skies the like of which the world has never seen when the armistice intervened, has perished like a morning glory. That's what our greatest air war effort amounted to—a morning glory, which budded and flowered in the darkness of an anxious night, blooming for the dawn which never came.

That splendid machine has been wrecked and broken to pieces. In the rain-soaked ashes of the "million-dollar blaze" at Colombey-les-Belles, on the scrap heap at Issoudun, in warehouses

and storage rooms in the United States, rapidly deteriorating from disuse; idle in the lifeless hangars where the pale grass shoots up between the cracks in the floors, or sold for a song, has gone a bulk of the material, which if silver-plated would have cost but little more in normal times. Scattered by demobilization and transfer is the personnel we organized and trained. In the navy the aviation functions have been parceled out among existing bureaus. The army still has its Air Service, but it has dwindled from a trained and efficient force of more than 211,000 to a scant 12,000, many of whom are inexperienced and untrained. The flame of morale is burning so low it wouldn't light a cigarette.

GAZING on this spectacle, Senator New, of Indiana, remarks that our air service "is being allowed to die," thereby establishing himself in a position that is difficult to assail. One can only move to amend by striking out the last

three words of the Senator's quotation and substitute therefor the word "killed."

In either case it is dying with its boots on. It is winding up a brilliant epoch in a blaze of glory. A world was thrilled when the United States navy made the first flight across the Atlantic. A nation was entertained when the United States army staged the first coast-to-coast sweepstake on the trans-continental cloud-pike. The world applauded those feats, for they were fine feats. But how much finer will they seem if they prove to be the last gasps, the last gallant efforts of a mighty machine on the brink of oblivion!

Our only real military air activity worth mentioning now is the Mexican border patrol, which is maintained with difficulty. Could we go into Mexico now with an air force sufficient to meet the requirements of an expeditionary force of 200,000 men? I mention Mexico to make the problem the easiest possible, since so many of our serviceable aircraft are stationed on the border.

The answer cannot be given in a



word. Some experienced and responsible officers say we could, with great effort; that is, by focusing our entire air effort on that one job, abandoning other projects of equal general importance, and denuding all stations of men and equipment. Even then the replacement problem would be a bitter one in a few months, for aircraft are consumed swiftly in a campaign. The average life of a plane is six weeks. Other experienced and responsible officials say we could not do the job. The official opinions of those in authority likewise sometimes differ from their personal opinions.

SUCH is our state not quite fifteen months after the armistice when our air force potentially was the world's greatest. Millions were squandered of necessity in over-rapid production and mobilization. Additional millions have been wasted—not squandered, but wasted—through the reckless demobilization and destruction of that fine organization.

Loud howls have gone up over that "million dollar blaze" at Colombey-Belles. The explanation, with curt, official brevity, was that it was cheaper to destroy that materiel in one great bonfire in France than to transport it to the United States and store it to ruin by degrees, or sell it at bankruptcy prices. But why consider letting it rot in idle storage? Why not use it in the transition of our air industry from a war to a peace-time footing, as every nation in Europe, even battered Germany, has done?

The answer hits you and it hits me, but it hits an inept authority hardest of all. After the armistice the sentiment of the country was for lightning demobilization. We all had our eyes on the long pants and the checkered vests. When do we go home? That was the cry. That was the cry that put the final kibosh on our war air plant. Heedless demobilization did it. That is how our wasted air millions really were wasted.

Eventually our commercial air industry must come. Will we wait until our experience is obsolete and the organization and property acquired dur-

THE Aircraft Production Board assumed the impossible task of filling this order. The early record of this board has been the subject of endless criticism, charges and recriminations. Where it really fell down and merited the disfavor of the country was in the extravagant nature of the publicity it put out, giving absolute assurance that the program would be fulfilled. This applied to official communications as well. In June, 1917, we find the chairman of the board informing the chief of staff that "we firmly believe the program can be met." The army acted on such information, and the organization and training of personnel was rushed, with the result that thousands of fliers were chafing in idleness behind the lines in France before a single plane had arrived from the States.

Early experience proved the board's mistake in urging that we copy various types of European planes. The first month's work went for naught while we waited on the Liberty experiment. Those were heart-breaking days. By January 1, 1918, twenty-two small (330 h.p.) Liberty types had been delivered.

By June the total was 1,243. But then we were on our feet. The Gordian knot had been cut in a hundred places at more than a million dollars per cut, and now it was simply a matter of production. By the time of the armistice we had made up for lost time and nearly attained the original estimates for that date, a marvelous accomplishment. But the war was over. Suppose we had been fighting it alone.

The need for adequate preparation for national defense in the air is apparent to any who will consider the matter. The Wright brothers' invention and the recent war have added a third aspect to a conflict between nations. To war on land and water has been added war in the air. Fifty-five years ago an army could almost be improvised. The old squirrel rifle was taken down from the chimney-piece and the householder went to war. That condition has passed. In air fighting it never existed. Says General Trenchard, chief of staff, Royal Air Force: "Defense in two dimensions is comparatively simple, but for defense in the third dimension there is no effective instrument but an air force capable of immediate contact with the enemy in the air and able to defeat it."

A NATION can bluff along with a toy air force in time of peace and get away with it, just as a man can wear a dickey and walk placidly down the street making people believe he has a shirt. But when a war comes along the nation with the toy air force is out of luck, like the man with the dickey in a subway rush. He gets jostled about, the one button pops off and he is caught in a crowd without a shirt to his back.

Assistant Secretary of War Benedict Crowell headed an army-navy-civilian mission to Europe last summer to study air problems. When he went he had no specific ideas on the subject. He came back alive to the seriousness of the situation and "convinced that the only solution of our future air policies is in an air department; that only through

(Continued on page 29)



Marshal Foch, Marshal Haig and Ludendorff agree that before the mobilization of armies can be effected in the next great war a great conflict will occur in the air.

ing the war is gone, and then build from the ground up at the needless expense of additional millions? Let us see what that means.

When we entered the war our army air force comprised sixty-five fliers and fifty-five obsolete planes. This force was the result of a great expansion to meet the demands of the punitive expedition into Mexico. In May, 1917, the Joint Army and Navy Aircraft Board estimated our needs at 22,625 planes and 41,810 engines, to be delivered between January 1 and June 1, 1918. This was for the army alone.



Confessions of a Company Clerk

Unwept, Unhonored and Stung, This Raveled End of the Red Tape Still Dodges at the Sight of a Uniform

By JOHN A. LEVEL



When Alexander was looking for other worlds to conquer he flooded a pup-tent in weeping over the loss of a good payroll man.

TRUTH may be stranger than fiction, but the job of company clerk is stranger than either.

This august personage is the last link in the chain that connects Washington with the rear-ranker—he might be referred to as the raveled end of the red tape. He is at once the topper's hole card, a rumor hound of the first water, an absorber of abuse aimed by the buck at war risk heads, allotment chiefs and liberty-bond purveyors. Even though the scrap ended ages ago, the c. c. ventures forth on the thoroughfares only at rare intervals, lest he be haled into the swinging doors by old comrades-in-arms who "haven't heard from Washington." If he does dodge a line of former pals trying to register a complaint at a Red Cross headquarters about some ancient redress due from Uncle Sam, he is sure to bump into his one-time skipper, still smarting under the memory of the self-paid mess bill.

Since the last doughboy paused in No Man's Land to brush a coot into new quarters, poets have thrown a halo about the dugout, authors have written of the glory of hopping the sacks, songsters have warbled of the music of whizbangs, and painters have depicted the fleeing Heinie, but the c. c. is unwept, unhonored and stung. Clearer though our perspective is of that western line, where is the people's representative in the halls of Congress who has proposed a bill giving the c. c. the overtime due him? Where is the congressman who has awakened sleeping comrades and demanded that all company clerks be presented with a Corona as a testimony of their faithful service in billets and dugouts? Where in this unsweetened land has an arch been erected or a monument thrown up to the c. c.? There has not even been a society organized for the protection of c. c.'s from the former soldiers ever on the trail of the elusive allotment money drawing them no interest in Washington.

And yet history points out that no

good war was ever fought without the c. c. Back in the days when Alexander looked for other worlds to conquer he flooded a pup-tent in weeping over the loss of a good payroll man. In the eyes of the Spartans, the keeper of the morning report was put in a class with the runner, both of whom were entitled through faithful service to head the chow line. Plutarch speaks of a c. c. who received ten lashes across the fingers at sick call each day, in order to make him better fitted for the difficult task of tickling the keys. Where would Caesar's famous words "Veni, vidi, vici" be today if the c. c. had not grabbed his notebook despite a good crap game and taken down the immortal words in shorthand? When Hannibal had reached the pinnacle of the Alps and was looking down on the shining plains of Italy he is said to have been interrupted by a c. c. and told that the space bar of the most reliable machine in the top-kicker's equipment was smashed when a rock had been hurled down by natives from above. Only the visions of spaghetti and macaroni spurred the intrepid warrior on to his hard task after such a loss. Washington might never have crossed the Delaware if the Hessian c. c. had not gummed up the orders and the wet goods had gone up the line on the wrong limber.

But the c. c. of the old days, with his slow system of punching the keys, would have stood no chance in this hour of the touch system.

A CAPTAIN trying to get a working nucleus for his organization in the late argument usually sent a soft-shoe man on a tour of the wigwams. This intelligence gatherer

was given instructions to work among the doughboys and find out if anyone was capable of whipping the keys to a fusion point. If such a person was spotted and he also happened to be a follower of the late Ben Pitman, he was forthwith given orders to report to the captain's headquarters. No one being efficient in the above arts, a person who pushed a mean pen was summoned to cross the line to plead his own case.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the captain would ask.

"Sir," the buck would say,

"I used to do a little key manipulation in my school days, but I have been off that stuff for years. If you were to start me out typing a letter now the question of a bonus would be settled before I finished."

"But you know what a typewriter is!" the captain would shout.

"I've seen 'em in the windows," the buck's reply.

"Then you are the new c. c. of this unit. From now on I do not want to see you shooting craps during drill hours with the gang awaiting an s. c. d. or playing poker with greaseballs while the slum is being offered up."

Swearing eternal vengeance on the Hohenzollerns, the new c. c. would go forth with hanging head to shoot his last two bucks.

"I'm it, gang," he would say.

"C. c.?"

"You said a mouthful."

"Congratulations!"

"Con—shoot the two."

In the bleak, gray dawn the new non-com would gather his mess gear and sally forth to head the willie line as timidly as a bolshevik passing a Legion headquarters.

In due time the c. c. came to address the supply sergeant as "sarge," and forthwith he would appear with new kicks and o. d. In those days he would stand near the bulletin board while the company

French kids followed one company clerk four miles out of Brest begging for the typewriter he was toting and which he had frequently parked far in the rear of his unit.



was being assembled and look with pity on the clan as they did squads east or west and went forth to the drill field to toil with the implements of war. After the departure of the faithful, this inhabitant of the topper's headquarters would meander into the kitchen and pilot a piece of bread to the stove. Later he would come forth munching the buttered punk and pass proudly down the company street, much to the discomfiture of the street detail squad. "Pretty soft," was the common verdict.

But, to pause a moment, we must now consider the strange orders that trickled out from Washington. The day of the doughboy in the land of his birth or adoption must needs come to an end soon. It was common history in the Capitol that this same doughboy shook a desperate pair of bones; it therefore came to pass that in Washington it was written that no buck, once he had trod the gang plank, should draw more than a stipend of \$7.50. Unheard-of words were dug from Webster, such as allotments, liberty bonds, war risk. Thus passed out the quiet and peaceful days of the c. c. Henceforth and forever, life for him was one kick after another. Playing with fire was candy compared with playing with a buck's money in the form of cash withheld. The boarding house hash had nothing on the payroll for mystery. A few bucks took out bonds, war risk and allotments, using the entire thirty dollars. They then went A. W. O. L. Their pay being thus safeguarded, a fine was nothing in their young life. One day a c. c. would be elucidating on the benefit of leaving ten thousand in insurance and the next day he would be discoursing on the joy to be had on coming home and taking a peep at a few l.b.'s.

CAME rumors that the bunch was soon to sail. Extra runners were put on at regimental headquarters. Every two or three minutes they busted into the first sergeant's tent wanting some kind of a report. Here is a sample.

"You will report at once, if not sooner, how many men in your unit saw service on the Mexican border."

At last the Mexican border medals! But the weeks slipped by, and no border medal.

About twelve o'clock one stormy night, some comedian passed the word down the line to fall out for border medals. Half-clad figures darted toward the top's tent to find it dark and gloomy. So vanished many a strange report.

Twice daily the c. c. had to hand in a tabulated report of the number of men missing from drill, and their whereabouts. Some days there would be only 65 or 70 warriors out of 250 assembled in armor, and it was the duty of the aforementioned official to account for the missing links.

These reports ran something like this:

Awaiting S. C. D.....	5	Band.....	2
Street detail.....	8	Regimental canteen.....	1
Sergeant, quarters.....	1	Repairing tents.....	1
Greaseballs.....	8	Road detail.....	2
Mess sergeant.....	1	Wood detail.....	1
Incinerator.....	2	Company cobbler.....	1
Supply sergeant.....	1	Barber.....	1
Supply sergeant assistant.....	1	Tailor.....	1
Sick in quarters.....	6	Under arrest in company street.....	1
Reported for vaccination.....	5	Liaison school.....	4
A. W. O. L.....	8	Bombing school.....	4
Bathhouse fireman.....	1	Bayonet instruction.....	5
Guardhouse.....	5	Sick, not L.D.....	4
Stockade.....	4	Sick in hospital.....	5
Orderlies.....	4	Clothes detail.....	2
First sergeant.....	1	Bad feet.....	3
Company clerk.....	1	Examination for officers.....	2
Assistant to co. clerk.....	1	Camouflage school.....	1

allowed twenty boxes to pack the surplus stuff. Every doughboy remembers those strange looking boxes that sank into the holds of ships, alas, never to rise again. If we could lift a chapter from the "Memories of a Mechanic" we would find that strange, indeed, were the contents of some of these boxes—baseball uniforms, gloves, footballs, books, cameras, toilet articles, knitted goods, beer capsules, books on how to learn French under shellfire, sightseeing in Berlin. Many a junk dealer stood on the wharves at Hoboken and Newport News with tears in his eyes as these boxes and barrack bags were lowered



The Jerries watched him with bewildered gaze.

No shoes.....	4	Lighty duty.....	6
No overcoat.....	1	Mechanics.....	4
Detached service.....	4	Mechanics helpers.....	4
Special duty.....	5	Regimental carpenter.....	1
Furlough.....	4	Awaiting trial S.C.....	2
At dentist's.....	2	Orderly to chaplain.....	1
Painting mess house.....	2	Lewis gun school.....	4

To juggle these figures each day and make them jibe with the actual number of men leaving the street, as checked up by the regimental office, was one of the big tasks of the war. The strategy which Foch displayed on the western front alone can compare with that used by a captain, first sergeant and c. c. trying to account for those "unaccounted for." One of the greatest sorrows that could enter the life of a c. c. was to have the colonel ride into the street, while the topper was at first sergeants' call and the captain had gone to the drill field.

"Boy," he would say, "get every man in the street out here and line 'em up."

And many the warrior that handled a wicked limp getting to the head of the street. But back in the neolithic age, when flint safety razors were a regular issue, everything was fair in war.

Then came the overseas orders. Each man must cut down on equipment to a mere pack and a barrack bag of accessories—each company would be

away. The mess reports, morning reports, sick reports, charge sheets and forms that went into some of these boxes would have eased up the present paper shortage. There was a typewriter for almost every first class private who had been drawing the extra three bones for more than one month and a large-print Bible to be read while flares were up or during plane raids. Uncle Sam is now offering a goodly reward for anyone who can produce evidence which will convict any of the doughboys of owning this material, much of which is piled high at Hoboken.

UNCLE Sam could well take a parting shot at the present crop of anarchists, makers of their own style of whizbangs, soon to tour the eastern front, by presenting each with a barrack bag with name and style of bomb used carefully sewed on, as prescribed in the army regulations.

We just got out to sea nicely from Newport News, and this experience must have been common to all c. c.'s, when orders came that the company payrolls be made out on the journey and

(Continued on page 33)



Measuring Congressmen

A LOCAL post wants THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY to go into the subject of how to get the measure of a Congressman. It wants to know all about Congressmen, good, bad and indifferent Congressmen, and how they function in their official work. It wants to know just how to measure Congressmen so as to determine whether individual specimens are big enough for their jobs. This particular post says it does not ask this for itself alone but believes the information would be useful to service men generally.

The intimation is carried in the letter that there is a feeling of some concern over some of the present Congressional personnel. Are some of our Congressmen too small for their jobs? Were they selected in the rather careless period in our political life that is said to have preceded the war and persisted in a measure during the war? Are many of them practical office-holders who are carried hither and thither on the changing winds of expediency, counting the votes involved before they make up their minds in an issue? Do any of them assay less than 100 per cent pure American in their ideals of citizenship? Are many or any of them out of step with the new and faster cadence of American political life?

The request for this information is a reasonable one and will be complied with at a very early date. It is an appropriate time to look over not only our Congressmen but our officials everywhere and see just how they measure up against the yardstick of newly awakened ideas and ideals.

A Coward's Conscience Awakes

A CONSCIENTIOUS objector—one of the few specimens still in captivity—has made public to jail officials and associates an amazing revelation of the bitter penalty he now finds he must pay for his cowardice. It appears that this particular "conscientious objector" was checked up with care after he had voiced his scruples against taking human life. In view of the fact that he had sought a commission in one of the training camps just before being called in the draft, the court which tried him concluded that his principal objections were against taking any chances of losing his own life. However, the fact of being sent to jail for a long term is a trifling circumstance in the total penalty this particular slacker now faces. It is not the privation of jail life that hurts so much as it is the belated realization and admission to himself that he is a hopeless coward.

If there is any slender straw of solace that can be offered this hapless creature it lies in the fact that his misery has that numerous company of which misery is said to be so fond. Now that the smoke of battle has lifted and there is opportunity for quiet reflection and introspection, one suspects that many a slacker is being overtaken by self-accusation and self-loathing. Many a driveling coward who slunk away from his duty and his country in the dark hours of the national emergency is now face to face with the fact that he must live with his wretched self through life.

To all such, and there are thousands of them, the

very sight of a man who sought or accepted service must be a reproach. The very sight of the passing flag must bring a flush of shame. Even though he fool some few others with his glib alibis and suave excuses there is many a yellow slacker who cannot fool himself. He knows why his father bought him a farm or why he fled from the draft or why he drummed up dependent relatives who were not dependent. Fear overcame conscience while the danger continued, but in these quiet days how is he going to silence the little voice within that damns him for the yellow coward he proved himself to be?

Unpaid Subscriptions

A NUMBER of inquiries and a few protests have been received as a result of the action in dropping from the mailing list of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY those members who have not paid their subscription price for 1920. That action was taken by National Headquarters in response to absolute necessity. The task of sending half a million magazines a week at a cost of approximately 4½ cents per copy is not a small financial matter. Where subscribers have failed to carry their small share of that load the task becomes impossible.

The fact that ultimate payment would be made did not affect the situation, for the reason that the Legion has not unlimited credit. If the Legion were rich, or had established a firm credit, more time might have been extended before shutting off the magazine. That payment would be made ultimately was never questioned. However, ultimate payment would not meet immediate obligations.

The magazine is being sent as heretofore to all who have paid their subscription, and the additional names are being added as rapidly as the remittances are received—30,000 names having been added the past week alone.

Utah's Sane Program

IN setting out to abate the I. W. W. nuisance in Utah, The American Legion of that state has adopted a sane, thorough and effective program.

Where disloyalty is practiced or preached, the Legion members, on the alert for such occurrences, will bring the facts in detail to the attention of the proper civil officials. If those officials neglect their duty under the law, the Legion will see to it that those officials are never re-elected to any office in Utah. In cases where I. W. W. and Red activity is kept within lawful limits, the Legion will meet that situation by an educational campaign. Red propaganda will be fought with instruction in sound citizenship. Where laws applying to red agitation need strengthening or where new legislation is required, the necessary information will be laid before Congress or the state legislature.

There is, of course, nothing new in these procedures. It is simply the practical application of the good old American method of ending abuses, abating nuisances and effecting reform. The bayonet, with which the Legion members met autocracy, was a feeble weapon compared with the ballot with which all offensives on this side of the water are conducted.



Old Hickory Post goes skating.

Sitting on the Lid of the World

Control of the Cables and Wireless as Seen
by One of the Men Who Sat in on the Job

By PARKE F. HANLEY



MILITARY necessity covers a multitude of sins. Under its broad cloak, rights held by the Constitution to be inalienable were usurped when we entered the war against Germany. Probably at no point was the fabric more severely strained than when the censorship of the newspapers was taken under its shield.

Not much could be said in praise of the institution. England had battled with it for three years and found it one of the contributory causes of ousting the Asquith ministry. France, too, overturned its government as an indirect result of its imposition of a too rigorous safeguard, and Italy had a full share of trouble because of her censorship.

All these facts were pointed out when the President ordered the Navy Department to take over the cables and wireless plants. The Navy simplified the problem by shutting down all wireless communication except in such stations as were used for government business. Captain Todd became Chief Cable Censor and designated Commander A. B. Hoff to command in New York. Following this action the Navy Department said in effect to the newspapers, press associations, and correspondents for foreign newspapers in this country:

"Now, be good fellows. No one is going to hurt you. We are going to let you censor yourselves, but we will have men at the end of the cables who will remove what we must consider as information helpful to the enemy or prejudicial to morale at home and abroad. You know news; we don't deny that, but we must insist that we are to be the judges of news that may be harmful."

In European countries, when they created press censorships, they gathered the censors from among retired four-strippers, worthy sons of worthy families who were physically unfit for active duty. It was a tradition which the Navy Department wisely ignored. For press censorship newspaper reporters, active, enthusiastic young fellows who knew a "story" when they saw it, and who could instinctively sense the menace in a cable dispatch, were selected for the offices in New York, San Francisco and Key West.

The greatest of these centers was at New York. Here was the point of departure for all news intended for European publication and the sole channel for incoming news matter, routed by way of London, Paris and South America. Through the hands of the reporters stationed in New York there sifted each twenty-four hours every syllable of war news that stirred the United States from day to day. The traffic at San Francisco was limited to a few cables that came from Japan and from Siberia by

way of Japan. Most of the Russian matter came over the London route.

One of the striking facts growing out of the censorship right from the outset was that the newspapers and associations derived immense benefit from it. It would not be straining the truth to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred would be in favor of making permanent some of the features of efficiency that developed in the institution. The reasons are these: The reports that came over the cable had been verified at the source.

Gossip, rumor and false report were eliminated so far as possible. Furthermore, news matter was given priority over everything else save government business. Also, the censors gave the maximum expedition to press items except when they contained questionable matter.

QUESTIONABLE matter! There you have the sole reason for maintaining the censorship. Its purpose was to

catch this questionable matter. To define exactly what is meant by the term questionable is impossible. No straight policy could be fixed because the bases for judgment shifted with the hands of the clock. For example:

Spain for a time was suspected of carrying on a contraband trade with Germany. Relations were rather strained when suddenly our own A. E. F. achieved a great stroke by entering into relations with Spain for army supplies. Whereupon Germany proceeded to make it hot for Spain. Its interned submarine escaped, and the Kaiser's raiders sunk a few Spanish vessels and committed other acts with a ruthless defiance of consequences. The populace in every Spanish city arose to demand war, and King Alphonso—so the cables reported—was in almost constant conference with his Prime Minister. While this situation was most acute, one foreign corre-

spondent thought it a likely moment for a bitter attack on Spain and attempted to interpret the sentiment of the United States as antagonistic to everything and everybody within the confines of that country.

The dispatch was "killed" forthwith by the press censor on duty. Remember that the man who wrote this dispatch had filed many others and that he was accepted as an authoritative interpreter of things American. What would have been the effect of such a dispatch? Figure it out for yourself.

WHEN a dispatch of this kind was submitted it was the privilege of the naval officers to call the man to headquarters to explain his sources of information, his motives, his means of revenue and similar unpleasant, prying questions into his private affairs. On one occasion a Latin writer was summoned "to the mast." When he entered the censorship office he saw a dispatch he recognized as his own upon the officer's desk. Stamped across it were these words:

"To be killed."

To "kill" a dispatch, as nearly every newspaper writer knows, is to suppress it, but to the inflamed conscience of this correspondent the word spelled doom. His quick imagination pictured himself lined up before a squad of "gobs" whose rifles were levelled at his breast.

"Spare my life," he pleaded. "I can tell you much."

It remains for the Office of Naval Intelligence to disclose whether he did, as he was passed on to its none-too-gentle mercies. There were many unconscious violators of the censorship on both sides of the Atlantic. These were well-intentioned but featherbrained young men who felt that the badge of correspondent gave them every liberty. In the early days of the war there were a number of men who became so omniscient, once they got

abroad and had correspondent's brassards on their arms, that they immediately proceeded to give Pershing, Haig, Petain and Foch pointers as to the proper conduct of the war.

Several of them who didn't know even the manual of arms proceeded to show the American Commander-in-Chief They nominated themselves as critics of warfare, master tacticians, and how

critical they became when they felt that the commanders had departed from a course they would have taken in the same circumstances. How some of these



reports slipped past the field censors must remain among the unsolved mysteries. For an anxious American public to have read some of the stuff they had written would have made for riot and bloodshed.

ON this side there were several men, who each day took the United States in the palm of their hand, turned it over, shook it, dissected it and then put it together again with the pieces in the wrong places. This pleasant pastime concluded, they diagnosed the symptoms and forwarded the results to the cable offices for their papers abroad.

To take it from them, we were all wrong; we didn't know a war was going on, our camps were disease-stricken, the public had lost interest in the war, the Liberty Loans were doomed to failure, graft was rampant in the country, and so on, *ad nauseam*. Did they get across? Ask the janitor who is in charge of the third subcellar of the Navy Building where there are several cases marked "Kills and Deletions, Press Censor, N. Y." A fine chance they had of getting this stuff over with millions of men overseas, or on their way, or training to go.

Then there were the correspondents whose writings were for those newspapers which would reach the doughboy quickest. These were Paris and London publications that were dumped into the trenches. Some writers were anxious to let the fellows from home know that their relatives were being mulcted of their allotments, that the country had such an aloof interest that when the American Army was mentioned they remarked:

"Oh, yes, that's so. What country are they in now?"

Well, their dispatches weren't quite as bad as that, but they were awful. Every time we as a nation washed our dirty linen in public these correspondents were careful to tell them of the ooze that dripped, but never informed their readers that, when the unhappy process was over, the linen came out clean.

The correspondents mentioned here, so far as the press censors and Naval Intelligence could determine, had no sin in their souls—and nothing in their heads. They were not corrupt. They were simply evil through indirection. However, each of their dispatches represented a stick of dynamite, and the cable would have been a priming cap had the contact been permitted. Just to afford an example of what may result from this kind of activity:

One man—he was of the journalist group—discussed in his heavy way the Irish question, and attributed his views to one of the mighty in Washington. The dispatch was referred to the capital, and, after much parley, was permitted to go through. The result was followed eagerly by the press censors who had

vetoed it in the first instance. It was carried in the London morning paper to which he was accredited and that afternoon all the London papers "picked it up." Four of them made it the basis of editorial comment.

The next day all of England was engrossed in discussing it, and Dublin had printed the story. That night there was a

special meeting of the Irish members of Parliament and

riots broke out in Dublin and Limerick. The disorder was fast spreading to the whole of Ireland. The next day the dispatch was cabled to New York, together with the editorial comment it had aroused, and at once formed the subject for news and editorials here. The Irish societies in New York and elsewhere held indignation meetings, and Congress gave official cognizance to the situation which by this time had grown to the proportions of a bitter controversy. It was not until the article in question was repudiated by the man quoted that the whole difficulty blew over.

That's only one instance of what happened because a dangerous dispatch passed over the cables. Had there been no censorship there would have been thousands even more dangerous. There would have been no such things as harmony between this country and the Allies if the censors had not interposed to stop messages of this kind. Morale would have suffered more severely than in the loss of a battle.

IT was a difficult thing for most of the correspondents in America to refrain from cabling the number of men who were in France. This was before Secretary Baker made his first announcement on the subject. Now and again when a man in Congress or in some other governmental circle made a rash statement there was always some correspondent

eager to shoot the story across the Atlantic as straight, verified fact. One even went so far as to inform his home paper that the American warships awaiting the coming of the German high sea fleet was nothing more than a "dummy" outfit, with solid wooden cylinders built to resemble guns, bamboo for the basket masts and painted wooden sides as armor plate. Wherever he got the notion it was hard to trace.

And always on both sides of the Atlantic there were the gloom boys who insisted that shipbuilding was not keeping ahead of the submarine menace, that we were losing greater tonnage than

we were willing to disclose, that the U-boats were clearing the sea lanes of our vessels. They could never reconcile with their gloomy forebodings the fact that hundreds of thousands were crossing the ocean every month. There were a few stubborn spirits who held to the end that both England and the United States were keeping the figures falsified so as not to break down morale.

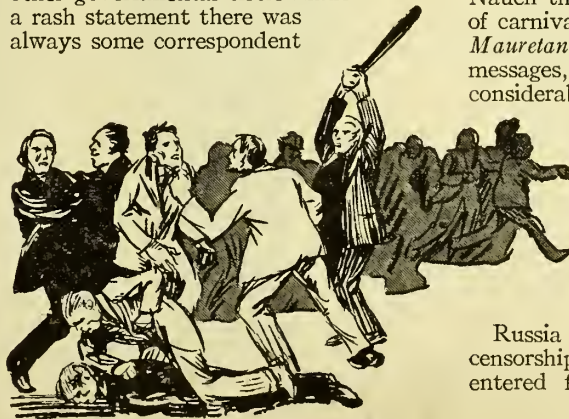
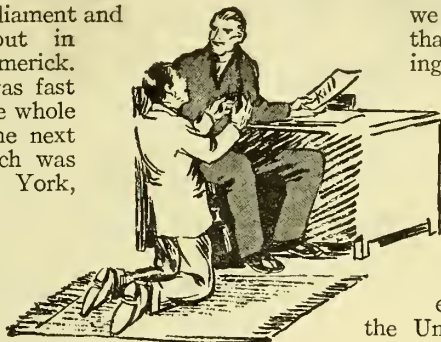
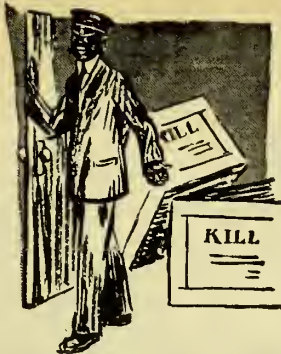
Of course Germany had no access to the cable lines. But for several hours of one night the wireless of a U-boat kept both countries at the end of the Atlantic cable on the jump. It was the night the *Justician* was sent down. The pirate who destroyed her couldn't wait until he returned to his base; he flashed to his parent ship, and thence it was passed on to the Nauch wireless station in Germany, that the *Mauretania* had been torpedoed and all hands had gone down with her.

WHEN the report came from London it was to the effect that the *Mauretania* had gone down; the intercepted wireless of the U-boat captain was accepted as sufficient authority. When this dispatch reached the New York censors, for some reason they doubted it. The officers on watch in the Navy Department had no verification of the report. The messages were held up, although it was realized that the newspapers would have considered the story as big as that of the *Lusitania* murder.

The judgment of the New York censors was a trifle shaken when a few hours later the German wireless threw out from its high-powered aerials at Nauen that all Berlin was in the throes of carnival because of the sinking of the *Mauretania*. Still they held up the messages, which, by this time, were of considerable bulk. Finally they were justified; the Navy Department intercepted a message from the *Mauretania* telling how amused it was to learn it had been sunk. It was not until six or seven hours later that the identity of the lost vessel was established as the *Justician*.

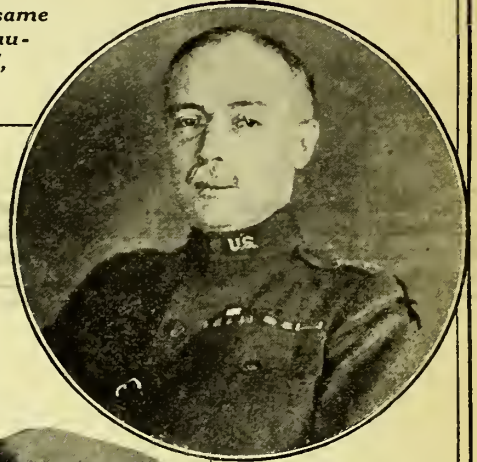
Russia was the hornet's nest for the censorship. Until Lenin and Trotzky entered finally into the Brest-Litovsk

(Continued on page 26)



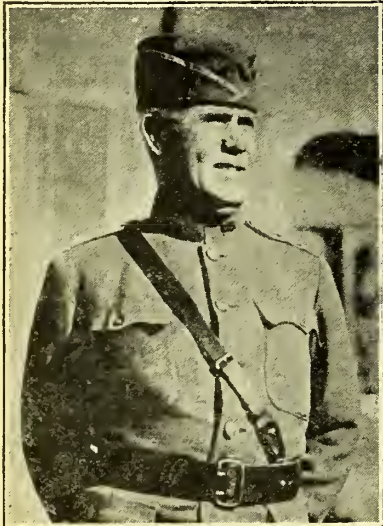
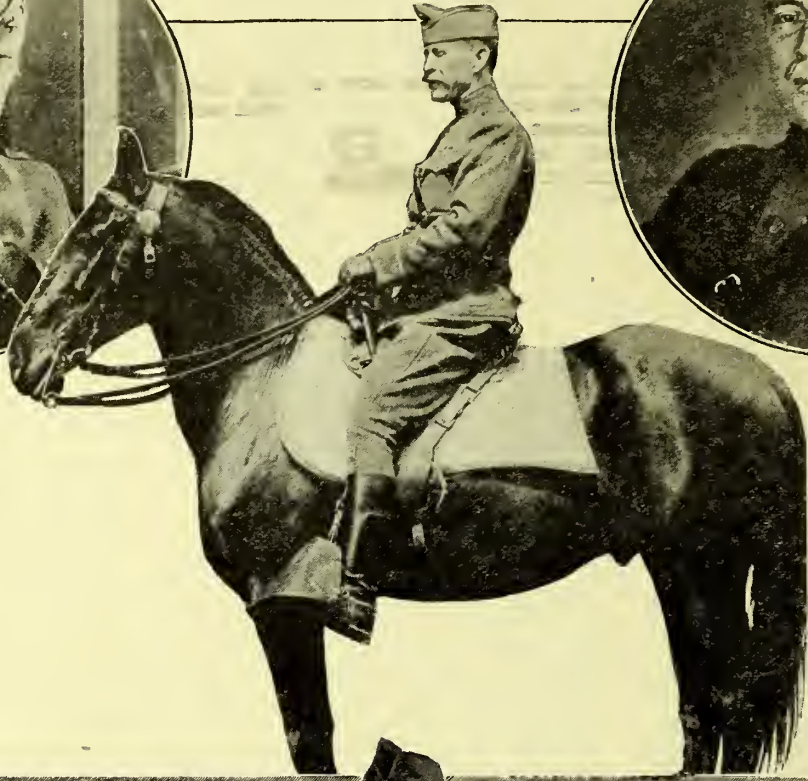
Wearing Eagles Now Instead of Stars

The commander of the Third Division was both a Buck and a major general at the same time. He was Major General Beaumont B. Buck. Now he is a colonel, Laredo Garrison, Texas.



From major general to colonel went Walter H. Gordon, and from Verdun to Fort George Wright, Washington, incidentally. He commanded the Sixth Division in France.

When Major General William Lassiter came back from Germany he relinquished command of the Thirty-second Division and became a colonel in the office of the Chief of Staff, Washington.



Major General G. B. Duncan commanded the Seventy-seventh Division at one stage of the war. He's a colonel now at Camp Merritt, N. J.



Colonel William R. Smith, once commander of the Thirty-fifth Division, sailed a few weeks ago to become chief of staff of the Philippine Department.

Colonel Peter E. Traub, now of Fort Thomas, Ky., led the Thirty-fifth Division as Major General Traub.



Cronister shook his fist in Hollister's imperturbable face. "I won't be insulted by a crook," he raged.

The Twenty-two Karat Opportunity

By ROBERT J. CASEY

JOHN DOANE, president, general manager and supreme factotum of the Cascade, Lost Valley, Missouri and Western Railroad, slammed the shaky voiced receiver back on to the hook of the archaic telephone and cursed with a vigor that would have done credit to an honest man. The sounds, inarticulate as they sifted through straggling mustaches and over the stub of a black cigar, were vigorous enough to threaten the cracked plastering of the office walls and set the spinster stenographer to pounding her typewriter with a religious zeal.

"What's the matter, John?" inquired Mr. Van Veck, the thin-faced, thin-bodied, sad-voiced book-keeper. His tone was quiet, his manner indicative of infinite patience.

"Matter?" snapped the president, "Matter? What is always the matter? Carload of logs just slid through another of those dam' bridges up near the Minadorca mine."

The book-keeper sighed and turned to his work again.

"I guess the bridges are pretty rotten," he observed. "The supposed engineers who built this line in the first place should have put steel trestles in instead of a lot of crossed ties. Ties get weak after fifteen or twenty years."

"Great," scoffed Doane with a new burst of temper. "Great. . . . It would have been just the same as building an elevated road."

He looked up at the ornate poster that hung above his battered desk:

"*The Cascade Line,*" he read. "*Road of Seven Score Bridges. . . The Canyon Highway through the golden heart of the hills.*"

"That's the trouble with the thing," he raged. "Half of it's a subway without a roof. . . . The other half's up on stilts!"

"Get rid of it," suggested Mr. Van Veck, to close an argument that appeared distasteful to him. "That's what you've always done."

John Doane's anger gave way to reminiscent sadness.

"That'd be the best thing to do," he agreed more calmly. "But this road isn't much good for sucker bait any more. And I'm not going to spend a lot of money dolling it up just to sell it to some wise investor from the east."

He sat for a long time gazing ruminatively out of the fly-blown window across an open space toward where a pot-stacked engine, drawing a train of decrepit box cars, was wheezing through the gateway into the canyon, up the long grade to "the golden heart of the hills."

The Cascade Railroad is twenty-four miles long on the map and twenty-seven long on the ground. A curve or two eliminated by the topographers, the course of a river changed a bit with a stroke of a pen, and the line escaped legal designation as a railroad and the interfering supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Three miles may not seem to amount to much in the success or failure of a steam railroad, but actually they represent the difference between three cents a mile and ten cents a mile passenger rates—the difference between an enforced freight schedule and the more remunerative

charge sheet subject to revision at the whim of the manager.

Also those three miles represented something more than so much linear measurement. They represented the norm by which might be gauged the ethical standards of the management. The maps weren't the only things that lied about the Cascade Railroad.

"Through the Golden Heart of the Hills . . ." That much of the prospectus was true enough. It represented the sole basis of fact upon which the organization of the C., L. V., M. & W. R. R. had been built. It tapped the golden outcrop that had brought the treasure seekers to the hills in the seventies—passed a dozen paying shafts and drew a comfortable living for its favorable directors from exorbitant charges in the hauling of the ore. Run as a railroad instead of an alibi for some very dubious stocks, it might have succeeded.

Doane, gazing up the canyon where the snows of the winter still clung to the shadowy places in defiance of the timid spring, almost regretted that honesty had not been a part of the road's original incorporation. He realized that the end was nearing.

Some day there would be a new survey and the topographical and geographical status of the Cascade Railroad would be made to coincide. The things that an interstate commerce commission would do to the road were too horrible to contemplate. . . .

He was still lost in thought when a trim youth, whose vitality was as evident as the width of his shoulders, opened the door and swept into the office.

"I wish to see Mr. Doane," he said.

Doane arose belligerently. This man was a stranger, and strangers usually meant trouble.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Private business," replied the young man pleasantly. "I don't like to discuss it too freely in public."

Doane grunted non-committally and led the way to his private office, a dingy little den with only one window and no view save the side wall of a shed euphemistically labelled "round house."

HE motioned his visitor to a chair and dropped into one himself with a manner that plainly counselled brevity.

"My name," said the youth, "is James Hollier."

Doane started. There was something familiar about the name—and something not altogether pleasant about the recollection of it. He nodded without comment, however, and waited for Mr. Hollier to go on.

"I don't suppose you remember me," the youth continued. "But I was interested in this railroad once—in one of its previous incarnations, that was. The name at the time was The Missouri, Dakota and Pacific." Doane's lips tightened and his jaw was thrust out a bit. He began to remember now of a man who had lost \$15,000—perfectly legally—and had been inclined to feel bitterly about it afterward.

"I hope you haven't come to talk ancient history, Mr. Hollier," he said ominously. "The M. D. & P. passed out of existence long ago."

"Oh, yes; I know all about that, Mr. Doane," Hollier assured him. "I know it passed out about five years ago taking a number of my dollars with it. . . . But, as you say, that is ancient history." Mr. Doane scowled but said nothing.

"It was when the M. D. & P. became the White River, Cascade, Hidden Canyon and Mid-Western," observed Hollier reminiscently. "The shorter the road the longer the name. It was a reorganization—one of the regular reorganizations—with a recapitalization after the receivership and, as I remember it, I got about \$500 worth of new stock on my \$15,000 investment."

"Mr. Hollier," broke in John Doane, "if you have come here to discuss that loss, you are wasting your time. It was lamentable, but one of those things that cannot be helped in any business. You lost your money just as the rest of us did when a railroad, which could not be made to pay after it had cost a million dollars a mile to build, was placed on a basis where it could pay. My time is too precious to go into the matter with you. You may commence an action in court at once and learn that I have told you the truth. Good day, sir!"

Hollier waved a hand deprecatingly.

"Oh, just a minute," he counselled cheerily. "I'm not arguing about that. I've learned a little about business since those days myself and I've made money. I want to buy your railroad."

"You what?"

"I want to buy the road—to buy it outright—lock, stock and barrel." Doane looked at him quizzically and decided that he meant it. He could scarcely keep from

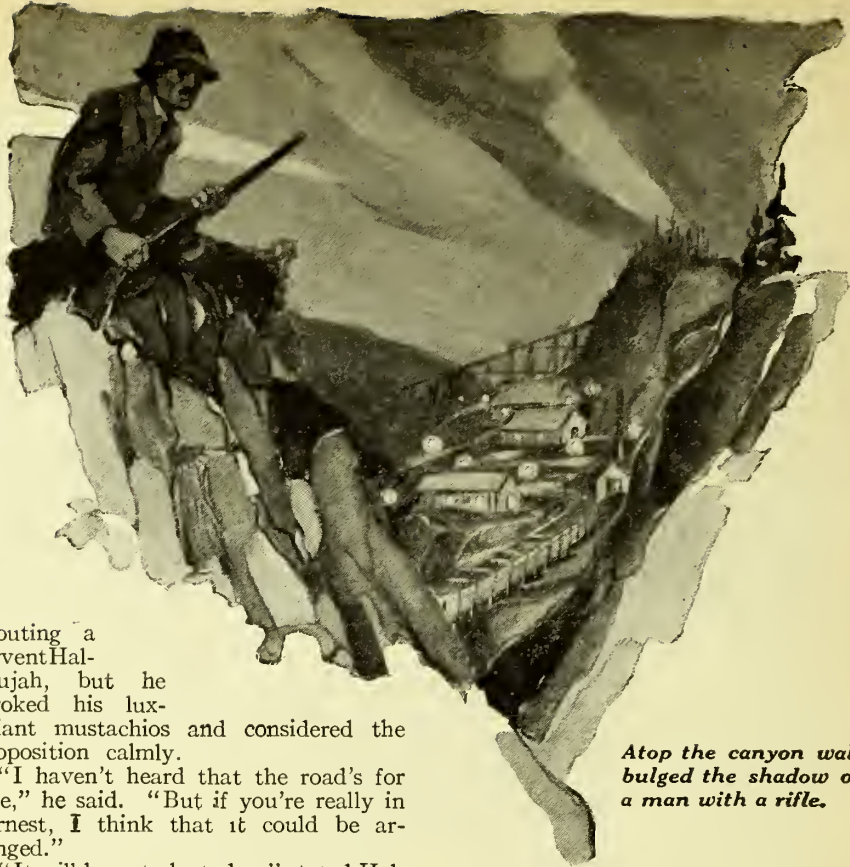
shouting a fervent Hallelujah, but he stroked his luxuriant mustachios and considered the proposition calmly.

"I haven't heard that the road's for sale," he said. "But if you're really in earnest, I think that it could be arranged."

"It will have to be today," stated Hollier. "I have a chance to make a good thing in the coal business if I get your railroad. If I don't I'll take my option north and make a dicker with the Grand Mountain narrow gauge. I'd rather do business with you because I like Cascade City better. There'd be a shorter haul to the Omaha market from here, and the railroad connections with the outside are better—but, as I say, my capital and time are limited and I'll have to drive a close bargain."

"Come back in an hour, Mr. Hollier," said Doane, rising. "I'll see what can be done about it." He walked to the door with a leisurely step and stood for a moment on the threshold, inhaling the fresh spring air until Hollier had disappeared behind a row of sheds. Then he rushed to the telephone.

"THE Big Six," Cascade City's choicest reactionaries, were gathered together in Doane's office to attend the obsequies of the late but not lamented Cascade, Lost Valley, Missouri and Western Railroad—the withered Cronister, banker and mining agent, a mummified old sinner with a skin of parchment and a soul to match; the portly Gilverson, whose rise in the cattle business was said to have been based upon the wholesale adoption of orphan calves; Krake, counsel for the Crown Hill mine, who could find more loopholes in a federal indictment than any other corporation lawyer in the northwest; Martin, an aggressive young mining engineer with a cold eye and thin lips, who had leagued with the Chronister Doane clique as he would have joined any group in power; and Balfe, a quiet mannered, unobtrusive but dangerous man, owner of a lumber company and representative of numerous interests in the



Atop the canyon wall bulged the shadow of a man with a rifle.

south end of the hills. Doane called the meeting to order.

"We have just received," he announced, "an offer for the purchase of the Cascade Railroad." The directors were visibly interested.

"The offer is made by James Hollier, representing certain coal interests. He will be back within the hour to receive your decision and make you a proposition."

"Hollier," interjected Chronister icily. "Hollier! I remember a James Hollier who caused us a lot of trouble over a reorganization. I don't trust Mr. Hollier even bearing gifts."

"Dangerous," agreed Attorney Krake.

"He didn't take anything away from us the other time," Doane reminded them, "and he seems to be perfectly sincere. He has a coal option, and he needs this road to make it pay. He plans an extension into Wyoming, I think."

"So did the patriotic builders of the road," scoffed Balfe.

Chronister emitted a cackling laugh.

"Seems to me," he said, "that if the pickings are so good in the Wyoming coal fields that Hollier can make money there, we ought to take advantage of the situation ourselves."

Krake interrupted.

"I think Mr. Doane was quite right in calling us to consider the offer for the purchase," he said. "It's about time that we found a bar holder to take over this railroad. The geological survey is coming into the hills to remap the Deadwood quadrangle, and the government may have some unkind things to say about the length of our line. Of course the topographical work may last from six months to a year, but a receivership and

a reorganization of the kind that we'd need in order to get out from under might take longer. If it's safety first we're thinking about, I am of the opinion that we couldn't do better than to consider Mr. Hollier's proposition."

WHEN Hollier returned to Doane's office he was greeted with an unexpected cordiality. There was no delay in getting down to business.

"I'll buy your road for just what it's worth," declared Hollier, "considering present rating of stocks, present condition of equipment and present earnings. I have had a fair appraisal made by a railroad man." He threw a packet of papers onto the table. "You may look at it if you care to—and he sets a price of \$60,000 as fair. I am in a position to offer you \$65,000 if you will include in the purchase all rights to the old Minadorca Mine property and take my notes payable within a year."

One year previous the directors would have laughed him out of the room. A railroad that had cost a million dollars a mile to build, going on the market for \$65,000! It was preposterous!

Not that the Minadorca property amounted to anything in the transaction. It had been taken over personally by the directors in a previous reorganization for experiments on a new ore-separation process which never succeeded! Even as a quarry the site was useless. But a railroad—even a road twenty-four miles long—was still a railroad.

A year ago the outburst of scorn would have been prompt and energetic. Now not a voice of dissension was raised. The million-dollar-a-mile railroad had more than paid the promoters for their part in its construction. A dozen men had grown rich in its operation, though a paltry thousand or so might have grown poor. The time for the shifting of the responsibility was at hand, and here was a victim asking for slaughter.

"I move that we accept Mr. Hollier's offer," said Balfe.

"Second," snapped Cronister.

Two minutes later Hollier and Krake were drawing up the papers which made Hollier controller of ninety-eight per cent of the Cascade stock and a railroad president. He made his first payment—\$5,000—in cash, and walked out of the office with a smile that aroused all of Mr. Cronister's latent suspicions.

"I don't trust that smart-aleck," he snarled.

THE hand of Hollier was immediately evident in the operation of the Cascade, Lost Valley, Missouri and Western.

"The Big Six" who had sold the road and then sat back complacently to watch him struggle along into the hands of the government were a bit shocked. Hollier did not play true to form and, in his departure from the course they had mapped out for him, they could see nothing but trickery and deceit.

He did not change the office personnel and exhibited no interest in the reams of reports which Van Veck had prepared to show why the income of the road was not greater. . . .

"File 'em away somewhere," he suggested to the shocked book-keeper. "I

don't care a whoop what this wreck earns or doesn't earn."

Van Veck gaped. He could not understand such business methods as this.

"Do you remember the Tincat mine suit?" inquired Hollier.

Van Veck scratched his head.

"It was right after the road was put through," he answered. "Some sort of wrangle over property rights. The road won—the local courts were very fair to us—but the directors made a compromise to haul their ore at half tariff rates for ten years as compensation for the damages they claimed."

Hollier grinned enigmatically.

"I'm going up to look the situation over," he told the book-keeper. "Put your reports away, and if everything goes right I'll have time to look at 'em next month." He dashed out toward the siding where the little gasoline inspection car stood waiting. Van Veck gazed at him contemptuously.

"I'd better be looking for a new job," he told the stenographer. "This guy isn't going to last out the summer."

But whether Hollier could be classed as a railroad man or not, he could not be accused of standing still.

Repair crews, hastily recruited from nearby mining camps at mining wages, were sent out to fix up the battered cuts and fills. New ballast material was purchased from a plant in the limestone district, and Cascade suddenly awoke to the truth that Hollier, unlike previous presidents of the line, intended to turn his twenty-odd miles of rust and rot into a railroad.

But there was something mysterious about it!

It was a nine days' wonder that anyone should have had the temerity to buy the line. It was a situation strange enough to be the subject of bar-room and parlor gossip for weeks that an owner of the Cascade Line should waste money on it. Such a procedure was contrary to all precedent. It was incomprehensible that a man who took no interest in the earnings of the company should pay attention to its development.

And it was a little more than odd that, inasmuch as Hollier's object in purchasing the line was to push on into Wyoming, he had taken no steps to secure options on a right of way.

But the puzzle was not completed with these elements, any more than Hollier's railroad operations were confined to repairing the tunnel-like cuts and mountainous embankments of the Cascade Line. There were secret activities in progress that the "Big Six" could not explain.

ONE evening forty men stepped off a west bound train at Cascade City, were loaded into automobiles, and disappeared into the canyon. Cascade never saw them again. It was as if the hills had swallowed them up, and the inquisitive citizenry, especially the "Big Six," resented Hollier's evident lack of confidence.

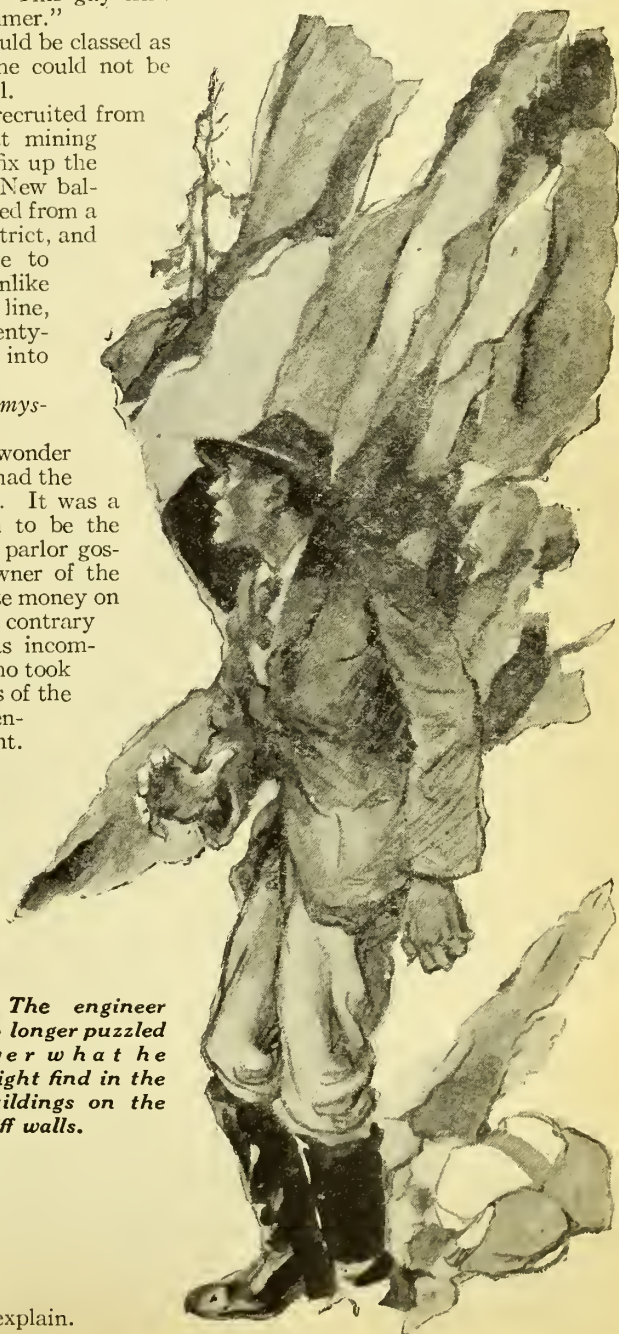
Krake visited the Cascade offices one afternoon to tell him about it.

"We wish to know what these men are doing," he demanded.

"It's no secret," replied Hollier. "They are doing railroad work. Also it's no secret that it's none of your business. So long as I take up one \$5,000 note a month your interest in what I do is hardly warranted. Good day, sir."

As if all this weren't puzzling enough, two weeks later Hollier deposited \$7,200 to the account of the Cascade Line in the Cascade National bank.

Cronister owned the Cascade National, and he was informed of the deposit before
(Continued on page 33)



The engineer no longer puzzled over what he might find in the buildings on the cliff walls.

BURSTS and DUDS



"Gimme three cigars," ordered O'Rourke, shoving a quarter across the counter.

"Strong ones, or mild?"

"Gimme the strong ones. The weak wans is always bustin' in me pocket."

Visitor: "Do you find that prohibition has depressed Crimson Gulch?"

Cactus Joe: "No, stranger, we're more cheerful than usual. Everybody seems to think it's a great joke on the rest of the boys."

"Yes, my dear, that is a man-of-war." "How splendid! And what is that little one just in front?"

"Oh, that's just a tug."

"Oh, yes, a tug-of-war. I've heard of them."

"What is heredity?"

"Something a father believes in until his son begins acting like a darn fool."

"What's the charge against this man," asked the judge.

"Fighting in the street," replied the officer.

"You're fined nine dollars and ninety cents, my man."

"What is the ninety cents for, Your Honor?"

"War tax."

"But, Your Honor, the war's over."

"Over nothing; you were fighting, weren't you?"

The band was down to see the boys off. They were a little puzzled, however, after the band had played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." The next air was "What the hell do we care now?"

A traveler left his umbrella in a hotel, after attaching to it a card bearing in bold letters the warning: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal with his fist a blow of 250 pounds. Coming back in five minutes."

He returned to find the umbrella gone, and in its place the message: "This card belongs to a man who can run twenty miles an hour. Isn't coming back."



The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf And watched with expression pained The milk man's stunts; both said at once, "Our relations are getting strained."

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped silk shirt and an even more wonderful checked suit. He had the vacant stare that often goes with both.

"I am afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant.

"Why?"

"Well," replied the dentist, "how will I know when he is unconscious?"



Even as you and I.

Customer: "Waiter, give me some hash, please."

Waiter (ex-army cook), shouting back to the cook: "Clean up the kitchen."

An Irishman, lying on his death-bed, was questioned by his unconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there inythin' ye wud like to have that wud make ye feel better?"

"Plaze, Bridget," he replied, "Oj'd like a taste of that ham Oi smelt a-boilin'."

"Go 'way wit' ye. Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis fer the wake."

A visitor was talking with an inmate of an insane asylum. "How did you happen to come here?" he asked.

"Well," replied the other, "you see it was this way. I thought everybody was crazy, and everybody thought I was crazy. The majority won."

Jiggs: "Where are you working now?" Biggs: "Down at the munitions plant."

Jiggs: "What do you get?"

Biggs: "Forty a week and prospects."

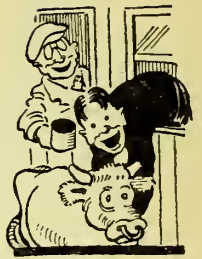
Jiggs: "What are the prospects?"

Biggs: "Getting raised any minute."

Chief clerk on the Interurban: "Another farmer is suing us on account of his cow."

General Manager: "One of our trains killed it, I suppose?"

Chief Clerk: "Not this time. He complains that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk his cow as the trains go by."



Rastus: "How much, boss?"

Druggist: "Sixty cents and three cents war tax."

Rastus: "Boss, Ah done thought de wah was over."

Druggist: "Sure, it is, but we have to pay the debts."

Rastus: "Boss, Ah always thought de one whut lost paid de debts. Dat's why I fight so hard."

A negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule, when a bystander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No, suh, but he sometimes k i c k s where I'se jes' been."

The captain was explaining to his company the correct way to execute company right. "It is very essential," he explained, "that the right flank man execute a right face and mark time. I remember when I was right flank man some time ago and the general gave the command 'Division Right.' I marked time for two weeks."

"Why is it, Sam," the customer asked the waiter, "that rich men give smaller tips than poor men?"

"Well, Boss," replied the wooly-headed knight of the napkin, "pears to me lak de po' man don't want no one to know he's po' and the rich man don't want no one to find out he's rich."

"I suppose you were very frightened once or twice in France?"

"Naw. Once, though, I was sure embarrassed. I was just going into an estamnet. Had my hand on the door-knob, when along comes a Boche seventy-seven, knocks the whole blamed shanty into kingdom come, and leaves me standing there with the door-knob in my hand. I sure felt foolish."



A Year Ago

There was a time in my young life
When I could stand the constant strife
Of chasing cooties up my spine,
As in the mud I lay supine
And fought them off with tooth and toe;
Oh, how I itched a year ago!

There was a time when I could stand
To eat my sirloins neatly canned,
And drink my java from a tin
That once had antiseptics in;
How many flies, I'll never know,
Fell in my slum—a year ago!

There was a time when I'd arise
Before the dawn had touched the skies,
And, ah, with what unseemly haste
I fought to get my trousers laced.
You folks at home will never know,
For that was all a year ago!

There was a time when I'd salute
And make it snappy for a "loot."
I'd cringe before a hard-boiled "top,"
Or peel potatoes for a wop
Who loved grease like an Esquimo
When on K. P. a year ago.

What I did then I won't do now,
I'm darned particular as to chow,
I get up when I dang well please
And get into my cits at ease,
I wouldn't salute my own C. O.
For I was discharged a month ago.

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN.

S. O. S.

Muck, muck, muck,
Through the toilsome, moilsome day;
But they's vin blanc yet
To help forget
An' a belle ma'm'selle that waits, you bet,
To charm my cares away!

All day long in a blisterin' sun,
Till the daylight fades an' pales,
I shovels an' digs, I hammers an' builds,
An' I juggles bags an' bales;
An' the service stripe on my good left arm—
I got it a-loadin' rails!

Oh it's work, work, work,
From dawn to the fall o' night;
For the bugler, he
An' his reveille
Do just insist on pesterin' me
In the cold, gray mornin' light.

They ain't nobody loves me none,
Nor ever calls me brave;
For all I does is feed the gents
As stopped the "Tootin" wave;
An' a long day's work for a short night's rest
Is the most I ever gave.

Muck, muck, muck,
Through the toilin', moilin' day;
But they's vin blanc yet
To help forget
An' a belle ma'm'selle that waits, you bet,
To charm my cares away!

JOHN FLETCHER HALL.



Did it ever happen to you?



A Tribute from France to America's Dead

FRANCE pays homage to America's dead in the late war on Washington's Birthday, Sunday, February 22. On that day a French memorial certificate of honor and esteem will be presented to the next of kin of each of America's sons who died in the service between the dates of April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918. By arrangement with the French government and the War and Navy Departments, the presentations, with appropriate services, will be made by local posts of The American Legion so far as is practicable. To those next of kin living in outlying sections not convenient to an American Legion post the certificates will be mailed by the War and Navy Departments. To the next of kin, of 308 of our dead, living in foreign countries, the presentations will be made through diplomatic attaches.

These certificates will be presented to the next of kin of approximately 118,409 soldiers, sailors and marines,

who died under the colors in France, the United States, our colonial possessions and elsewhere. The honor roll is comprised of 107,952 soldiers, 6,800 sailors and 3,657 marines. The Marine Corps received its allotment of testimonials at too late a date to address and send them to district recruiting offices for delivery to local posts for presentation, as the army and navy have done. All Marine Corps testimonials will be sent to the next of kin by mail.

The certificate shows a group figure placed on a cenotaph on which is engraved in French the signature of the President of the French Republic, Raymond Poincare, "To the memory of of the United States of America, who died for liberty during the great war, the homage of France." The inscription at the top of the certificate is from a poem by Victor Hugo and freely translated reads: "The people should come to pray at the graves of those who died for their country."

The Legion Comes to Poland

American Airmen Organize the Kosciusko Post

“WHAT is this American Legion anyway?”

The speaker was Captain Merian C. Cooper, late of the Twentieth Air Squadron, U. S. A.; the place, Warsaw, Poland; the time, October, 1919.

Cooper, whose home is in Jacksonville, Fla., was the first foreign officer to sign up with the Polish army. He brought with him ten American airmen who have seen service—much of it. One day on the way across Germany in a box car, a Red Cross officer in charge of the train gave them a copy of *THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY*, which was their first introduction to the after-war organization.

So, when Cooper found in casual conversation that I had attended the American organizing caucus of the Legion at St. Louis last May, he wanted to know all about it. Incidentally, the setting for that story of the Legion's founding was rather picturesque; we sat in Fukiers's, the oldest wine shop in Europe, sipping Miud, which is, by way of being a drink, made from honey and with a lingering recoil far and away beyond that produced by anything of 2.75 caliber.

“The Legion sounds good to me. Wonder why we Americans over here fighting Bolsheviks can't join it?” was Cooper's comment.

The upshot was that the next morning I foregathered with the members of the Kosciusko Squadron, who thereafter drew up, typed and signed an application to The American Legion to form a post in Poland. And that application, with the signatures of those first-class Yankee officers who left next day for Lwow and are now in the Minsk country on the Bolshevik front, I brought back to the Legion headquarters. It's worth recording, in passing, that none of them has abandoned his American citizenship; that's not required of Poland's foreign fighting men.

Kosciusko, you remember, was the Polish patriot who came to America in revolutionary days to help us when we needed help—just as Lafayette did. So now these American aviators, enrolled beneath the banner of the white eagle, helping Poland when she needs help, have named their squadron after Kosciusko, and it bids fair to attain as picturesque

By **GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM**

a record as the famous Lafayette Esquadron of Yankee airmen in France.

Major C. E. Fauntleroy of Chicago is in command. As a test pilot he is credited with four thousand flights in France, and when the armistice came he was with

tion the other fellow. There are no advertisers in the squadron; also its members aren't “soldiers of fortune.” At least there isn't a shadow of mercenary attraction in Polish military service, as a top sergeant in Uncle Sam's army draws down about as much as the Minister of War in Warsaw. The pay of a captain is 800 marks a month, and at the present rate of exchange a mark is worth less than three cents. At twenty-odd dollars a month it's certainly no get-rich-quick party—and equally certainly it's no fun at all to face a Russian winter with a half-starving country (really rich now only in patriotism) behind one, and Lenin's and Trotzky's gang on the other side of the lines.

Why are they doing it?

That question I asked each man in various ways, and though their answers differed in phrasing, they were mostly the same in meaning.

“Bolshevism.”

That one word summed up the reply—the reason why a dozen American youngsters are carrying on here in Poland. Of course the lure of more adventure is there too, but that's secondary.

Principally, they are on the job because they know Poland pretty nearly has her back to the wall and is fighting the fight alone against the Reds, needing all the help she can muster. They know that the tentacles of Bolshevism are reaching out from Russia in preparation for an attack which will strangle and destroy law, order, religion, home—all the institutions of organized government. They see also pretty clearly, as everyone over here sees, that sooner or later—probably sooner—Germany will reach out to crush Poland, because the new state stands squarely in the path of all the ambitions of Hunland. And the likelihood of another crack at brother Boche doesn't in the least lessen the attractiveness of service in Poland.

“What'll I tell 'em back home?” I asked Cooper.

“Tell 'em home's just about right,” he replied. “Tell 'em if folks ever get discontented with things back there they ought to have a look at Central Europe—and then thank God for America, and put their backs into the fight to keep America sane. If The American Legion stands for that, we're for it!”



Charter members of the Kosciusko Post in their dining car. Left to right: Edward Corsi, G. M. Crawford, K. O. Shrewsbury, Pan Spad, who hopes to bite a Bolshevik, Carl Clark, A. H. Kelly, M. C. Cooper, Edwin Noble.

Eddie Rickenbacker's “Hat in the Ring” squadron.

Captain Merian C. Cooper ranks next to Fauntleroy. Shot down in flames September 27 on the Argonne, Cooper saw the end of the war in a German hospital and finally was released from a camp on December 8.

The other Kosciusko airmen are: Captain A. H. Kelly, Richmond, Va.; Captain Edward Corsi, Brooklyn; Captain Paul Brewster, R. F. C. (who served in France, Italy and Egypt); Lieutenant G. M. Crawford, Wilmington, Del.; Lieutenant Kenneth Shrewsbury, Charleston, W. Va.; Lieutenant Carl Clark, Tulsa, Okla.; Lieutenant E. P. Graves, Boston, Mass.; Lieutenant E. W. Chess, El Paso, Tex.; Lieutenant Edwin Noble, Boston, Mass.

After the application was made out, Joe Stehlin of Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, with all sorts of decorations for service with the flying French (two years before he was old enough to vote!) became a captain in the Polish army and was assigned to the squadron.

Every man has a record to be proud of, but the only way to dig it out is to ques-

BULLETIN BOARD

The American Legion, as shown by a recapitulation just completed, closed its first calendar year with a total of 6,561 posts located in every state, territory and dependency of the United States and in several foreign countries. It is significant that the number of posts in the states varies almost in proportion to the population of the states. New York led in number of posts with 777. Pennsylvania was second with 497 and Minnesota third with 369. The next seven in order of their size: Illinois, 349; Iowa, 345; Ohio, 298; Massachusetts, 238; New Jersey, 224; Missouri, 220; Indiana, 203.

The number of posts chartered in other states, territories and foreign countries are as follows: Alabama, 34; Alaska, 4; Arizona, 23; Arkansas, 90; California, 155; Canada, 1; Cuba, 1; Colorado, 62; Connecticut, 77; Delaware, 18; District of Columbia, 21; England, 1; Florida, 55; France, 1; Georgia, 78; Hawaii, 5; Idaho, 80; Kansas, 187; Kentucky, 65; Louisiana, 29; Maine, 80; Maryland, 70; Mexico, 1; Michigan, 198; Mississippi, 54; Montana, 52; Nebraska, 139; Nevada, 18; New Hampshire, 69; New Mexico, 36; North Carolina, 58; North Dakota, 111; Oklahoma, 126; Oregon, 72; Panama, 1; Philippine Islands, 1; Rhode Island, 30; South Carolina, 47; South Dakota, 123; Tennessee, 61; Texas, 110; Utah, 100; Vermont, 76; Virginia, 101; Washington, 95; West Virginia, 66; Wisconsin, 163; and Wyoming, 20.

The German fleet, sunk by its officers in Scapa Flow, will be dynamited in the near future in order to clear the channel. An investigation conducted by a special inter-allied commission showed that it would cost more to

repair the ships than they would be worth after being put into commission.

A resolution calling upon the Secretaries of War and the Navy to submit reports of the number of officers of various grades holding down swivel chairs in Washington has been adopted by the Senate. It was adopted on the motion of Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, whom someone advised that army and navy pay rolls are still needlessly padded with temporary officers retained as political favors, and with sea pay and allowances to naval officers doing duty in Washington. In War Department circles it is rumored that many persons have been retained as majors and lieutenant colonels who are doing little more than messenger service or duties of like unimportance. A drastic reduction in the number of Army and Navy Department sinecures is predicted.

In order to try and find out just why the army was unpopular with men being discharged from the service, the Morale Branch of the General Staff is putting out questionnaires to be filled in by men leaving the service. In order to be sure that the men will speak freely the questionnaire is not given until after their discharge has been completed. The discharged man is not only asked to say what he thinks about the army but a number of questions are asked him in order to determine just exactly how he feels. The Morale Branch intends to make a study of criticisms gained in this way with an idea of finding out just how the army got in "bad" with so many people who were in it.

Men not receiving the increased amount of compensation due them under War Risk Insurance within a reasonable length of time, should refer the matter to the State War Risk Officer or to National Headquarters if considered sufficiently urgent. Attention is particularly directed to the fact that the law as now amended makes it possible for an enlarged class of beneficiaries to receive insurance payments. There have been outstanding many cases where insurance of a man who has died in the service has not been paid, because of the fact that beneficiaries named do not bear the proper relationship to the insured. Any cases of this nature should be brought to the attention of the State War Risk Officer, as much of this insurance can now be made payable under the provisions of the amended act.

Attention is further invited to the fact that the amended law makes provision for the numerous cases where men have been inducted into the service by the Local Draft Board and who before being accepted and enrolled for actual military service have been totally and permanently disabled, or have died without having applied for insurance. In all such cases the men shall be deemed to have applied for and to have been granted insurance in amount sufficient to provide a monthly installment of twenty-five dollars. It must be noted, however, that these installments are payable to the following people only:

First.—To the man himself during permanent disability.

Second.—To a widow from the time of the man's death, and during her widowhood.

Third.—If there is no widow surviving, then to the man's child or children.

Fourth.—If there are no children, then to the man's mother.

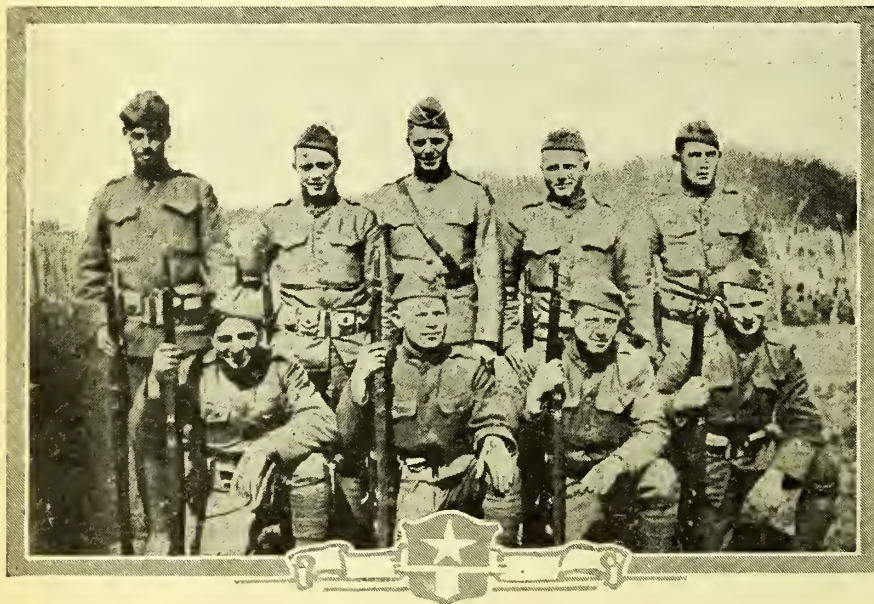
Fifth.—If there be no mother surviving him, then to his family.

There are many of these cases existing that should be brought immediately to the attention of the State War Risk Officer of The American Legion.

A bulletin defining clearly the attitude of The American Legion towards organized labor has been issued by Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of the Legion. This bulletin is intended to clear up finally the wrong impressions that have been given by immoderate agitators who have wrongfully interpreted and persistently misrepresented the attitude and aims of the Legion in its relations with labor.

"The attitude of The American Legion towards organized labor is exactly the same as its attitude toward all groups of American citizens who are interested in a square deal for all in the maintenance of law and order and the protection of the institutions handed down to us by our forefathers," says the bulletin.

"The preamble of our Constitution expresses very clearly the purposes of The American Legion and reads as follows:



This is the International Squad of Company D, 325th Infantry, Eighty-second Division. Each of its eight members was born in a different country, but they all fought as Americans in the A. E. F. Corporal P. F. Flannagan was born in Ireland; Private A. Spector, Russia; J. Nygren, Sweden; C. Puzzulo, Italy; A. Ferendinuos, Greece; W. Kelly, Illinois, U. S.; K. Bergo, Norway; H. Lipin, Poland. The platoon was commanded by Lieutenant W. Glen Harris.

"For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might, to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

"The purpose of The American Legion is twofold service to our comrades and service to our country.

"Under the head of 'service to our comrades' we will exert all of our influence and all of our strength to the end that the ex-service man, especially the disabled man and his dependents and the dependents of those who paid the supreme sacrifice, shall receive that just and fair treatment which they have reason to expect from a patriotic and liberal country.

"In serving our country we shall endeavor to keep alive that spirit of service which induced us all to respond to our country's call in the time of her need, even to the extent of being willing to pay the supreme sacrifice. And this we propose doing by assisting in the maintenance of a hundred per cent Americanism based on fair play and a square deal for all.

"The members of organized labor are patriotic American citizens and the members of The American Legion are patriotic American citizens who have proven their patriotism and their loyalty. Consequently, on the purposes of The American Legion both they and we are in accord. Many of our most loyal members are members of organized labor, and it is our hope that we may be able to convince every ex-service man who is a member of organized labor that our purposes are the same as loyal citizens and that every ex-service man in organized labor will join The American Legion. All ex-service men who are members of organized labor have proven their loyalty and their patriotism to the country and now appreciate their responsibilities as citizens, and we therefore hope it will not be long before they all are active members of The American Legion."

Resolutions have been passed by posts as follows: Hagg Post, Algona, Iowa, denouncing two disloyal enemy aliens of the neighborhood.

Alleghany Post, Covington, Va., endorsing Congressman Morgan's bill, H.R. 5545, to provide homes for soldiers.

Post No. 183, Pennsylvania, asking the Finance Committees of Congress to give careful attention to the needs of the War Risk Insurance Act with a view toward increasing the permitted beneficiaries and paying insurance in a lump sum or in installments, at the option of the insured.

Post No. 235, composed of Pennsylvania Railroad employees, at Altoona, Pa., indorsing the Government in an offensive against anarchists.



New York City plans to undertake the construction of a \$10,000,000 Victory Hall as a memorial to the men who fought in the World War. Victory Hall, which will be built by popular subscription, will have the largest auditorium in the world, capable of seating 10,000 persons, an athletic field and running track, a children's playground, and the top floor will be given over to The American Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic and Spanish War Veterans. The building will cover an entire block facing the viaduct at the Grand Central Station.

In response to a request received at National Headquarters of The American Legion, from Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, the assistance of the state and local organizations of The American Legion will be enlisted in locating sanatoria for the treatment of tubercular ex-service men.

In his letter to Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of The American Legion, Surgeon General Blue says:

"I desire to invite your attention to the present situation with regard to the hospital care and treatment of tubercular discharged soldiers and sailors by the Public Health Service.

"As you know, several hospitals are now being operated by the Public Health Service for the treatment of tubercular patients, beneficiaries of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, and comprehensive plans for the construction of additional hospitals are being carried into execution as rapidly as possible. In addition many tubercular patients are being hospitalized by contract with local institutions, an allowance having been authorized for the purpose at a rate not to exceed \$3.00 per day, including all necessary expenses.

"It is, of course, a difficult procedure to construct suitable hospitals for the treatment of this class of cases on such short notice, and it is believed to be a wise measure, and for the best interests of the patients in a great many cases, to arrange for their care and treatment in public and private institutions situated near their homes. The situation has become quite urgent with respect to the care of tubercular patients in the immediate future, and it is believed that The American Legion, through its state and local organizations, can be of great assistance to the Public Health Service by aiding us in locating sanatoria which will conform in every way to the best modern medical standards.

"We are appealing to you in this way

for your direct cooperation in the great work of properly caring for discharged men in order that there may be no possible delay in making provision for the care of these men in the near future."

Minnesota Legion men are looking into the release from jail of Allan S. Broms, a conscientious objector who, according to Judge Advocate General Crowder, was a dangers man to be allowed his freedom. It appears that his discharge from confinement was authorized by personal direction of the Secretary of War.

The first post to buy and operate an airplane is the Ironwood (Mich.) Post No. 5. This post is playing in luck anyway, because the town's War Relief Association transferred to its account the sum of \$20,000. One quarter of it was used for club rooms, one-quarter for the air-plane, and \$10,000 was put into Victory Bonds.

Lieutenant "Sky" Knight, U. S. Air Service and a Legion member, is credited with a new record for speed as a result of a flight from Cleveland to Bellefont, Ohio. The distance covered was 215 miles and the time 83 minutes, an average speed of 156 miles per hour.

Grover C. Bergdoll, a wealthy slacker, who is held at Fort Jay, N. Y., charged with having evaded the draft, has asked the authorities to class him as a military prisoner. Bergdoll, according to his counsel, is tired of sitting in a cell and wants the privilege of shoveling coal outside with the military prisoners. In the event the request is granted a protest may be made by the military prisoners on the grounds that their sentence, while prescribing confinement at hard labor, did not include the additional humiliation of having to work side by side with a draft-dodging slacker.

Untying the Civil Service Knot

Commissioners Promise Legion They Will Give Personal Attention to Problems of Veterans in Government Employ

DURING the course of demobilization Civil Service Commission representatives were stationed at most of the demobilization centers which were placarded with notices of the opportunities offered war veterans in the government employ. In many places, particularly in Washington, ex-soldiers and sailors were given temporary positions in the various bureaus without examination. These temporary appointees were urged to take the Civil Service examination without unnecessary delay if they expected to receive permanent appointments.

The staff of employes in nearly every government department is now being reduced in the course of reestablishing the bureaus on a peace-time footing. Under existing regulations veterans who did not take the Civil Service examination are without preferred status for retention in their positions.

The Civil Service Preference Bill, which was incorporated in the Deficiency Act, approved July 11, 1919, provides: "That hereafter in making appointments to positions in the executive branch of the government in the District of Columbia or elsewhere, preference shall be given to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and widows of such, and to the wives of injured soldiers, sailors and marines who themselves are not qualified, but whose wives are qualified to hold such positions."

This statute makes no provision for temporary appointments or for the retention in service of those temporarily appointed. It is therefore necessary for this class of employes to take the prescribed examination without delay. Neither does the law exempt those entitled to its benefits from liability for examination. They are required, however, to attain a proficiency of only sixty-five instead of seventy per cent in order to be eligible. Service men are to be certified for permanent appointment without regard to the requirement relative to the apportionment of appointments in the departmental service, although they must prove residence and domicile as required by law. When eligible for appointment their names are to be placed ahead of those of the same grade who are not entitled to service preference.

Numerous complaints charging discrimination against veteran applicants for Civil Service positions and in favor of non-preference applicants have been received by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. An investigation has been started, and the matter has been placed

in the hands of the Legislative Committee of The American Legion. The Civil Service Commissioners have agreed to take a personal interest in any specific cases brought to their attention. In this connection, any veteran who considers himself the victim of discrimination in obtaining a Civil Service appointment, or in being discharged in the course of the reduction of Civil Service personnel in a governmental department, is advised to communicate with John Thomas Taylor, attorney for the American Legion Legislative Committee, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

The law relative to the reduction of personnel in the classified service of the government is: "That in making any reduction of force in any of the executive departments, the head of such departments shall retain those persons who may be equally qualified who have been honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States, and the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers and sailors."

In the course of the investigation already made it was learned that in the War Risk Bureau many war veterans have taken the Civil Service examination but have not yet been certified and who, therefore, still retain the status of temporary employes. At the time of writing, the War Risk Bureau is about to release some 2,000 employes, among whom are 168 war veterans. The regulations under which these releases are effected provide that no permanent employee shall be released while temporary employes are retained in the same grade, and that certification for permanent appointments in a given grade shall cease when reductions in that grade are begun.

Inasmuch as some of the 168 veterans about to be released passed the examination before the reduction in their grades began and the possibility of their certification in that grade automatically ceased when the department began discharging others holding similar positions, obviously the spirit of the Civil Service law, designed to provide jobs for war veterans, is being violated through a technicality.

This was pointed out to the Civil Service Commissioners, who entered the names of these veterans on the certification roll of the Treasury. As the Treasury Department has a yearly turn-over of employes of fifty per cent it is expected that these discharged men will not have to be out of jobs more than a week or two at the longest. When certified under the Treasury Department they will be reap-

pointed to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

Veterans certified for permanent positions in the Civil Service, who are released in the course of the reduction of any departmental force, should immediately register for reemployment in the following offices:

First District: Customhouse Building, Boston, Mass. Includes states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Second District: Customhouse Building, New York, N. Y. Includes state of New York and the following counties in New Jersey: Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Middlesex, Monmouth, Morris, Passaic, Sussex and Union.

Third District: Post Office Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Includes the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware and all of the state of New Jersey not included in the Second District.

Fourth District: Old Land-office Bldg., Washington, D. C. Includes the states of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia.

Fifth District: Post Office Building, Atlanta, Ga. Includes the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Tennessee.

Sixth District: Post Office Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. Includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.

Seventh District: Post Office Building, Chicago, Ill. Includes the states of Wisconsin and Michigan, and the northern half of Illinois from a line drawn along the northern border of the following counties: Hancock, McDonough, Fulton, Tazewell, McLean, Champaign, and Vermillion.

Eighth District: Post Office Building, St. Paul, Minn. Includes the states of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa.

Ninth District: Old Custom-house Building, St. Louis, Mo. Includes the states of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and the southern half of Illinois from a line drawn along the northern border of the following counties: Hancock, McDonough, Fulton, Tazewell, McLean, Champaign and Vermillion.

Tenth District: Customhouse Building, New Orleans, La. Includes the states of Louisiana and Texas.

Eleventh District: Post Office Building, Seattle, Wash. Includes the states of Wyoming, Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and the Territory of Alaska.

Twelfth District: Post Office Building, San Francisco, Cal. Includes the states of California, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah.

Employes in the Federal offices in the District of Columbia, such as the War Risk Bureau, Treasury, War Department and Navy Department, who have been certified for permanent appointments or have passed the examination but who have not yet been certified, should call on the Certification Clerk, Appointment Division, office of the Civil Service Commission.

Of interest to the 280,000 veterans disabled in the war will be the bill prepared by the American Legion Legislative Committee, which will have been introduced in the Senate before this article is published. It authorizes the appointment of ex-service men to Civil Service positions, whenever qualified, without Civil Service examination, on the certification of the Federal Board for Vocational Training that the veteran has successfully completed the Vocational Board's course of study.

It's Over, Now

It's over, now. Through St. Nazaire
The last belated pilgrims pass.
The peasants and the poppies share
Sunset and silence on the grass—
It's over, over there.

It's over, now. New foes appear,
New reveilles are on the wind,
The call is stern, the call is clear,
Let not a warrior fall behind—
It's over—over here!—JOHN BLACK.

EMPLOYMENT REGISTER

Draftsmen Needed

The Ordnance Department, U. S. A., is in need of ten draftsmen for general lay-out, design and detail work in manufacturing plants. There are also two openings for design engineers. The salaries paid will be in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicants. As in all other government work, ex-service men will be given the preference in filling these positions. Application should be made by letter to The Personnel Officer, Nitrate Division, Ordnance Department, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Shipbuilding

Field representatives of the War Department report that skilled shipbuilders and bolters-up are wanted by the Newburgh Shipbuilding Corporation, Newburgh, New York. Ex-service men should understand that the housing situation is acute in this city.

Oregon Cares for Its Soldiers

Manufacturers of the state of Oregon have come forward with a proposition which bids fair to solve the soldier unemployment situation in that state. Each of the 275 manufactories, members of Associated Industries of Oregon, has given pledge to take its quota of unemployed returned soldiers. This pledge applies to Oregon men only, and outsiders going there will find difficulty in securing work.

"To do this, we will engage deliberately in over-production," says H. C. Huntington, president of the association. "Such a course would be financially ruinous to us except for one thing. We expect the people to increase their support of home industry so as to absorb the surplus production."

In West Virginia

The United States Ordnance Plant at South Charleston, W. Va., is in urgent need of brick masons, toolmakers, machinists, cranemen (electric), carpenters and laborers. The wages paid range from \$6.88 a day for brick masons to as low as \$2.84 for common labor. An examination is required. Ex-service men who are interested should write the Labor Board, Navy Yard Service, U. S. Naval Ordnance Plant, So. Charleston, W. Va., for particulars.

None Idle in Dallas

Every discharged service man from Dallas, Tex., is assured a job on his return to that city, by reason of the efforts of the local chamber of commerce. The chamber has organized an employment bureau known as The Open Shop, which is available to all former fighting men free of charge. The treasurer and employment supervisor of this bureau are former service men and are guaranteeing every man a job.

The information concerning opportunities for men formerly in service which will appear from time to time in this department, is furnished by special arrangement with the Service and Information Branch, War Plans Division of the War Department. Assurance is given by that department that every statement will be checked as to its accuracy before being submitted for publication.

In all cases where the employment in which you are interested is at a considerable distance, it is suggested that you take the matter up first by mail with the employer or firm concerned.

Lumbermen Still Wanted

Lumbermen of the northwest have a standing order on file with the headquarters of the Veteran's Welfare Commission in Spokane to engage every returned soldier husky enough to work in the logging camps or in the mills. These jobs provide good pay and plenty of good food, and congenial employment in the woods. Already 250 ex-service men out of work have been sent to such jobs, and more are going out every day.

In Pennsylvania

The Bureau of Employment of Pennsylvania reports a shortage of first-class skilled labor in all lines, and plenty of opportunities for common labor. The applicants should address Mr. Jacob Lightner, Director, Department of Labor and Industry, Harrisburg, Pa.

Ex-Soldiers as Guards

The Raritan Arsenal and the Morgan Arsenal, New Jersey, require a considerable number of ex-soldiers as guards. Applications should be made to the State Municipal Bureau, 363 State Street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Legion Takes Command

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the American Legion in San Antonio, Tex., it was decided that the Legion alone would be responsible for the welfare of the home-coming service men in that city. Lieutenant R. J. Ayres has been made chairman of the employment committee, and O. M. Flory, secretary of the Alamo Post of The American Legion, has been put in charge of the employment bureau, which is located in the Gunter Building.

At Cincinnati

At Cincinnati, Ohio, is taking good care of her returned service men, according to reports received from that city. Early in December a committee was formed to be known as The Service Men's Welfare Committee, consisting of a representative from the American Legion, Federal Board for Vocational Education, U. S. Public Health Service, Red Cross and the Service and Information Branch of the War Department. This committee meets once a week, and because of its representative make-up has been able to do effective work in behalf of the disabled men.

In order that former soldiers, who may be brought into the courts from time to time for various offenses, may get fair treatment, the County Executive Committee of The American Legion has formed a sub-committee to look after such cases. On this committee are three eminent attorneys, who will make it a point to see that every ex-service man who is up for trial will be given a square deal.

Varied Opportunities

The names of the firms having the opportunities for ex-service men listed below are not disclosed, at the firms' request. Applicants should write to Room 1118, Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C., giving their qualifications and at the same time referring to the symbol number given below. Qualified men will be referred to the firms having the vacancies, and men we believe not to be fully qualified will be advised of other vacancies where it is believed their qualifications can be used.

Accountants, Office Managers and Auditors.—Large packers located in the Middle West. Excellent opportunity for well qualified men. Refer to 1279.

Young Men.—College graduates, possessing personality and leadership, some technical ability. Wanted by large oil corporation for positions in various parts of the world. Refer to 1557.

Purchasing Agents.—Familiar with steel trade in all its branches. Must have had previous experience. Firm located in New York City. Refer to 1575.

Advertising Men.—Large publishing house in Philadelphia wants men qualified in advertising work. Refer to 980.

Assistant Secretary.—South Carolina Chamber of Commerce wants assistant secretary. Organizing ability; college education; ability in public speaking would be an asset. Refer to 1204.

Chemists.—Pharmaceutical concern in Michigan could use men with chemical training; capable of doing quantitative, organic and inorganic analysis and drug assay. Refer to 1467.

Physician.—Industrial corporation in New York State reports there is an excellent opportunity for a resident public physician. Young man would have excellent advantage to build up practice. Refer to 1634.

Commissary Manager.—Good chance for a former mess sergeant who is capable, diplomatic and tactful. Must understand the preparation of food, menus and be able to get along with the camp cooks. For a large lumber corporation operating camps in southern states. Refer to 1612.

Young Man.—Large concern manufacturing colors, lithographic and printing inks, want man with initiative. Opportunity to work up as assistant general manager. Position in New York City. Refer to 1613.

Sitting on the Lid of the World

(Continued from page 13)

treaty with Germany, dealing with Russia was as delicate a job as treading a slack wire. Some days, generally after reading favorable reports of loot, Trotsky would decide that he would be sweet and kind to the Allies. Whereupon his beneficent mood would be reflected in an indulgent attitude on the part of the Allies toward these wayward children of Bolshevism. Next day, Lenin, having escaped his twentieth assassination attempt, would ascribe the outrage against his person to Allied agents and would order his special train made up for a speedy run to Brest-Litovsk. And it would be appreciated readily that this was no time to ruffle the irascibility of Lenin.

On this side there were former acquaintances of Trotsky, or Bronstein, as he had been known when he lived in the Bronx, who sought to win his favor by cabling highly colored reports. Were a group of anti-militarists or other radicals to adopt a set of resolutions offered from a corner soap-box this fact was cabled to a Petrograd newspaper as the opinion of a majority of New Yorkers. This stuff never got across.

Because the Bolsheviks held the power in Russia there was a tendency in this country to give them as much leeway as possible under the circumstances. Everyone who had to deal with them in any way had to walk on eggs, so to speak. Not until the double dealing of the provisional leaders became manifest beyond a doubt was the lid clamped down hard.

FINALLY there were the others, the bad 'uns. There were quite a few when the censorship started, men who were afterward found to have been subsidized by Germany or friends of Germany. They had credentials to newspapers in neutral countries. They had expected to have a walkover, but one of the first orders of the Navy Department was to limit the language of press dispatches to English, French and Spanish. And it had to be "straightaway" stuff.

It must be made clear that once matter was printed in London, Paris, Rome, The Hague, Madrid or Copenhagen it might as well have been printed in Berlin, because all the papers of Europe were slipped into Germany just as every paper published in Hunland found its way almost immediately into the cities of the Allies. Therefore, the question of the availability of dispatches for publication in these neutral or friendly cities had to be considered as if the receiving office were in Potsdam palace.

Correspondents of neutral countries believed they would have a special immunity, that a wide range of expression would be granted them, so they proceeded to run wild in their early dispatches. They felt that fact must not necessarily be found to support

their fancies. What they said would have been of real comfort and aid to Germany had it been permitted to pass. Fairly soon after the establishment of the censorship the corrupt correspondents began to stand out.

To have stopped these dispatches outright would have caused the shutting down of channels of spy information such as Naval Intelligence was looking for. Therefore their dispatches were sent along, but with a few upsets of whatever code may have been employed.

Mr. Hanley, in this article, confines himself to the Navy Department's control of the cables, recounting from personal experiences some of the abuses which this service undertook to prevent. He does not enter into the alleged sins committed in the name of censorship—which is quite another story.

Words were transposed, synonyms were substituted whenever possible, punctuation was changed and the whole dispatch underwent a revamping from top to bottom without altering the ostensible meaning of the message. A message such as this would be offered:

"Neutral ships held in American ports cabinet now meeting to discuss flour shortage."

It would reach its destination thus:

"Cabinet investigates scarcity of flour stop government holds ships of neutral nations meanwhile."

The efficiency of this method was speedily demonstrated. The suspected correspondents stood this treatment for a spell and then quit. They could not have complained that legitimate news was being suppressed.

FAIRLY clever was the correspondent for a neutral paper who tried to sandwich suspicious matter in between scores in the World Series games in 1917. The censorship had made special provision for rushing all the news of the games to London, Paris and Havana. The neutral tried Havana with his information, and offered a complete box score which contained several hundred sets of figures. This was at a time when a favorite spy trick was to give sailing dates and total numbers of troops on the transports. Knowing that this paper had not evinced during the previous months any particular interest in baseball, the censors laboriously compared the dispatch with the real score and found so many glaring inaccuracies that the whole dispatch was killed. This correspondent never filed another dispatch.

Only in one instance was there an outright withdrawal of cable privileges to a

correspondent. This was to one who filed to South America. It was evident from his messages that he was trying to spread dangerous lies through his messages. His paper maintained a distribution service that sent cablegrams from the United States broadcast over the region south of the Canal and eventually cabled them to Europe from Buenos Aires.

THIS correspondent had his wings clipped and another was sent on. He tried subtlety and lost. Another even more cagey came to New York. At last the enemy character of the work was too palpable, and the lines were shut down completely for this newspaper. Yet every day up to the signing of the armistice its correspondent filed, hoping that some day the censor would be caught napping. Afterwards it was demonstrated that his paper was owned entirely by German capitalists. One of the most joyous messages that came from the city in which the paper was published told that the plant was wrecked in an anti-German outbreak.

There were many holes in the censorship in the beginning. At one time it was found that men who had tried to get by New York and had failed were sending their cables by way of Halifax and British Columbia. Cooperation with the British censorship officers plugged up that hole. Then they sent telegrams out of Texas into Mexico, whence they were promptly relayed by secret Mexican wireless to Germany. With the assistance of army officers in control of posts along the border, this was stopped.

Cuba was a favorite stamping ground. Messages were sent out of New York or by closer connection via Key West, and again a wireless station passed them on to another thirty miles outside of Madrid, Spain, whence they were flashed to Nauen in Germany. This was halted by the establishment of a censorship office at Key West and another in Havana, and by exercising a more rigorous control of the wireless in Cuba. When all other methods failed the Hun agents tried the mails—slower and less effective for their purposes, but this came to an end when the Navy Department obtained for the New York censors the arbitrary power to examine all press correspondence. One man in the middle west wrote regularly to Java matter that would have been comfortable to the Germans had they got hold of it—which they didn't.

The censors in New York reented the "bomb-proof" feature of their job, but in truth the work was anything but that, because all the time they were in direct line of fire from the deadliest of explosives—newspaper wrath. Every day, every hour this danger menaced; the censors were working with torches in a powder magazine, yet let it be said the only shots flung across the bow proved to be duds, so far as control of the cables was concerned.

FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address communications to: Editor, "Find Your Buddy," American Legion Weekly, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Photographs cannot be returned

D COMPANY, 38TH INFANTRY.—Mrs. J. V. Gibson, Batson, Tex., seeks information as to the fate of her son, Frank J. Gibson. Receiving no mail from him after October 3, 1918, when his regiment was in action in the Argonne, she wrote the War Department. A. G. O. reported him present for duty with company at Andernach, Germany, on July 5, 1919. Two days later A. G. O. wrote asking the mother "what should be done with his body."



Frank J. Gibson

"I am almost crazy from suspense," the mother writes, "and would be grateful for any information concerning my boy."

MISSING IN U. S.: Lieutenant Martin J. Crowe, 29 years old. Crossed with Machine Gun Company, 23d Infantry, as sergeant, commissioned and promoted in action. Severely wounded and invalided to United States. Last heard of in February, 1919, in New Haven, Conn. Wore silver plate in skull. Address his cousin, James J. O'Leary, 108 South View Street, Waterbury, Conn.

COMPANY E, 353D INFANTRY.—Mother of Corporal Glen R. Wilson, who died of wounds received November 1, 1919, would like to hear from someone who can give her particulars of the engagement in which her son fell. Address Mrs. May E. Wilson, Oberlin, Kans., Box 192.

COMPANY G., 28TH INFANTRY.—George Ostrander, Columbus, Wis., desires to hear from anyone who can give him the particulars of the death of his son, Albert H. L. Ostrander, killed in action at Soissons.

MISSING IN ACTION: Corporal R. T. Sparks, reported missing in action October 5, 1918, later reported wounded and in hospital. Letters returned to States marked "Returned to U. S. with casualties." Wife has received no mail from him since October. She asks comrades to supply her with any information they may have. Address Mrs. R. T. Sparks, Strasburg, Va.



R. T. Sparks

COMPANY F, 2D ENGINEERS.—Mrs. G. A. Howard, Garfield, Wash., desires to hear from Sergeants Davis and Reitz and Private Clayton, who with Sergeant Robert Leahy were the only survivors of the squad in which her son, Sergeant Fred A. Howard, was killed in the Argonne on November 1, 1918.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM CARROLL, Base Hospital No. 50., address sought by G. G. King, Worcester Road, Framingham, Mass.

ARTHUR A. SPELBRINK, 341st Company, 311th Sanitary Train, later in casual camp at Brest. Whereabouts sought by A. W. Peterson, Ortonville, Minn.

C. GRAF, loser of a pack full of souvenirs, wants to hear from Sergeant Crawford. Address, Las Vegas, Nev.

BASE HOSPITAL 94.—Edwin J. Dahl, St. Hilaire, Minn., wants to know where he can get one of the group pictures taken in February, 1919.

COMPANY D, 101ST INFANTRY.—Carl E. Johnson, 75 Main St., North Plymouth, Mass., wants to hear from replacements to above outfit "for old times' sake."

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.—Bunt Cohn, Bissell Studios, Effingham, Ill., the first American to escape from a German prison camp, wants to hear from buddies.

H. J. WALTER CONTA, Ambulance Co., No. 127 of the 107th Sanitary Train.—Carleton D. Lathrop, P. O. Box 127, Scottsbluff, Nebr., wants to hear from you.

FOR WEARERS OF THE GOLD STAR.—Miss Anna L. Rogers, 306 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, former army nurse, A. E. F., has information concerning the death of thirteen officers and soldiers who died shortly after their admission to hospitals. She would be pleased to hear from relatives who desire more complete information regarding the last hours of the men for whom they wear the gold star. The names of the men are:

ELMER NEAL, Grayling, Mich.
BAXTER GUFFY, Machine-gun Battalion, Sixth Infantry.
SERGEANT STAMS, Meadville, Pa.
LARRIE CROWE, Ambulance Company.
HUGH McCLOSKEY, Company M, Twenty-third Infantry.
JACOB W. SPRECHT, Ninety-sixth Company, Sixth Marines.
OSCAR MOORE, Oxford, Kans.
CHARLES CREWS.
PRIVATE SIMONSON, Spencer, Ore., or Scranton, Pa.
LIEUTENANT MILLS, Sixth Marines.
LIEUTENANT MOSELY.
EDWARD A. BELL, Providence, R. I.
GUY FOSTER.

MISSING IN U. S.: Anthony Quarado, U. S. N. R. F., served aboard U. S. S. Adams, discharged September 15, 1919 and has not been heard of by family since. Address his brother, Benjamin Quarado, Garden Court St., Boston.



Anthony Quarado

MISSING IN ACTION: Christie Teiderman and Sherman M. Osborne, Infantry, 1st Division; last seen going into action in the Argonne. Address, American Legion Post, Temperence, Mich.

MISSING IN ACTION: Corporal Harry Chefets, 55th Company, 5th Marines, reported missing in action, July 21, 1918. Family can get no other word from War Department. Address his sister, Mrs. Harry F. Farowich, 40 Morningside Ave., New York City.

COMPANY K, 165TH INFANTRY.—Anyone who can give details of manner in which Private James C. Wright met his death October 15, 1918, write Edwin Carr, Warwick Post, American Legion, Warwick, Orange Co., N. Y.

153D AERO SQUADRON.—Mrs. Hiram Fraser would like to hear from Lieutenant Clinton F. Castenbader, Sergeant Robert A. Tait, or anyone who knew her son, John B. Fraser, who died in the Military Hospital at Sparrow Hall, Fazakerley, Liverpool, Eng.

MISSING IN ACTION: Simon Francis Mulqueen, of the Salvation Army, attached to 307th Infantry, last seen in the Argonne drive. Address mother, Mrs. Mulqueen, 137 Perry Street, New York City.

MISSING IN FRANCE: Private Matteo Colatruglio, Italian born, Company A, 110th Infantry. Last heard of in France, December, 1918. His home is in Tiffin, Ohio, but he was working in Pennsylvania and enlisted either at Greenville or Scranton. He is a miner. Notify R. H. Keller, Adjutant, John H. Warner Post No. 169, American Legion, Tiffin, Ohio.



Matteo Colatruglio

Advertising and The Weekly

YOU remember the letter which we published last week from our friend, Mr. F—W—, the advertising agent, don't you? If you don't, better hunt up last week's issue and read it again.

You'll see that he is skeptical—a little, of the advertising value of the WEEKLY.

He doubts whether you read it or not.

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He isn't at all sure that you are reading the advertising in the WEEKLY and would read his advertising if it appeared in our pages.

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Wherein the Advertising Department tells you what you can do to help.
Write a letter.

Where Do We Stand in the Air?

(Continued from page 7)

such a department will it be possible for this country to keep abreast of the other powers." That conviction is shared by The American Legion, which at Minneapolis adopted a resolution recommending a Department of Aeronautics headed by a cabinet officer. Continues Mr. Crowell:

"Marshal Foch, Marshal Haig and Ludendorf agree that before the mobilization of armies can be effected in the next war a great conflict will occur in the air. The aggressive nation will be prepared to launch an attack upon the shipping, munition, manufacturing and storage centers and even the cities of its opponent. Unless the opponent is ready to meet such an attack, vital victories will be accomplished. It is only the nation that can clear the air of enemy forces that will be able to launch campaigns on land and sea. With Europe only sixteen hours removed by air routes we cannot rest in fancied safety of isolation."

Colonel Townsend F. Dodd, in April, 1919, prepared for the Chief of Air Service a recommendation for the creation of a Department of Aeronautics, in which occurs this passage:

"A conservative estimate of its possibilities ten years from now is such that it can be stated that in case of war in which the United States is engaged, if the enemy obtains mastery of the air, he will be able to dictate his own terms at any place within the United States that he may desire."

THE future of naval and military aviation in any country depends upon commercial development. The conclusion of all experts, American and foreign, finds expression in the words of General Duval, French director of aeronautics, who says, "If commercial aviation is not stimulated, military aviation will die."

The richest nation cannot afford to maintain for purely military purposes in time of peace an air force which would be adequate to the needs of national defense in war. A commercial industry must be built up as a reserve. It must be built up by government support, as our trans-continental railroad systems were built by government support in the form of land grants and bonuses directly after the Civil War. These roads have been so absorbed by commerce that we are apt to lose sight of the fact that when they were built fifty years ago they were commercial ventures only in a second sense. First of all they were military necessities. Within a few years conditions justified their existence and made them commercially profitable. It will be the same with aviation.

The intrinsic commercial value of aircraft has been demonstrated. The element of time is essential in business. Transportation by air is the most rapid known. Measured in pounds per hour it also probably is the most expensive. Aeronautics can pay only where the element of time is of sufficient importance to justify the expense. This, however,

is equally true of any other mode of transportation.

An airplane can make a 500-mile "haul" in six hours, an airship in twelve hours and a fast railway freight in twenty-four hours. An average motor truck on average roads would make it in four days; animal drawn vehicles or packs, twenty days; human pack, thirty days.

The saving of time where aircraft must compete with railroads or a system of average highways is very small as compared with the saving where they do not exist. Undeveloped or inaccessible areas have the best potentialities for the commercial development of aircraft at present. The saving of twenty days in a business deal would make transportation by aircraft pay in a transaction of comparatively small importance. To make a saving of twenty hours pay, the deal must be of great importance.

A COUNTRY which develops commercial aeronautics to build up an industry for aerial defense must support commercial aeronautics to the extent that will bring aeronautics within reach of enough business enterprises to justify the existence of the industry. Air development abroad is approaching this state. Business is being presented with improved methods of transportation at rates which business can afford. As soon as industry takes advantage of this method of transportation business methods will change to conform to new conditions, and the longer it is used the more indispensable it will become. This is the history of every commercial innovation.

The close of the war left the air situation in an abnormal state. Military development had been carried to a high level, while commercial progress remained about where it had been in 1914. European nations have adopted far-seeing programs by which their military air establishments have been shifted gradually to a peace-time basis, and consequently commercial air development has received a great impetus in those countries. Alone of the great powers, the United States has scrapped its war machine and has done nothing. Three courses are open to America for industrial air development:

First, intelligent and systematic fostering and guidance through government supervision, by which method our valuable experience and much material acquired during the war may be utilized.

Second, development on a dividend paying basis by private firms. This method will be slow.

Third, by imitation of other nations, which would amount to transplanting Chinese copies of their systems in the United States. This method would land America in the air about where it was with regard to merchant marine before the war.

Our best bet has been thrown away by the rapid demobilization of our forces, when there should have been a transition

(Continued on page 31)



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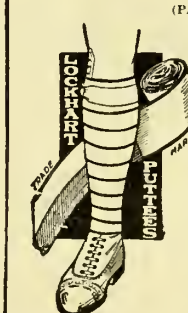
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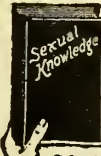
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INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide, general interest.

N. Y. and Pa. Bonuses

To the Editor: Would like to gain information as to what cash bonus soldiers from New York and Pennsylvania have received.

Montour, Iowa.

H. WAGGENOR.

The states of New York and Pennsylvania have not granted any cash bonus to the men who served from those states up to the present time.

A. P. O. No. 706

To the Editor: A says that A. P. O. No. 706, A. E. F., was Chaumont, Haute Marne, France, and B says that Chaumont was A. P. O. No. 702. Which is correct?

A wins. A. P. O. No. 706 was Chaumont, and A. P. O. No. 702 was the District of Paris.

Naval Reserve Service

To the Editor: I enlisted in the Naval Reserve at Terre Haute during July, 1918; then served at Great Lakes Training School and afterwards in the Naval Air Service, gaining the rating of second class seaman. Was finally released from action duty in February, 1919. What service am I liable for in peace time?

Otterbein, Ind.

MAURICE JONES.

You are liable for two weeks' camp duty or a cruise annually until your reserve period expires if so ordered by the Navy Department.

In the Event of Another War

To the Editor: In the event of another war, or an armed invasion of Mexico where it would be necessary to call out another large army, information is requested as to whether an officer candidate who was in training camp at the time the armistice was signed could finish training and get a commission, or would he have to start all over again as a private?

C. H. JOHNSON.

Port Jefferson, L. I., N. Y.

The Adjutant General gives the following reply:

"The War Department cannot undertake to state in advance what action would be taken, in the event of another war, with regard to officer candidates who had not completed the prescribed course of training at the time the armistice was signed."

Sweet Bill

To the Editor: Can you publish, in the WEEKLY, some details of the Sweet Bill?

MARSHALL KEATS.

Legoniac, Mich.

You will find an article explaining the Sweet Bill in detail in the January 16 issue of the WEEKLY.

Oklahoma Bonus

To the Editor: Has Oklahoma paid a bonus to her soldiers? If so, how much, and what are the conditions?

THOMAS J. BROWNING.

San Antonio, Tex.

Up to the present Oklahoma has not paid any bonus to men in service from that state.

Victory Medal Clasps

To the Editor: What is the distinction between a "battle clasp" and a "clasp" as referred to in G. O. No. 83, 1919, of the War Department, dealing with the Victory Medal and Bar? If a man serves in one major operation is he entitled to wear two stars, one for overseas service and one for a major operation, or just one for the operation participated in?

Cincinnati, Ohio. ALBERT D. ALCORN.

A battle clasp is a clasp which will be worn on the ribbon of the Victory Medal, with the name upon it of the major operation or defensive sector it is awarded for. Battle clasps are awarded for a major operation and for occupation of a defensive sector; but only one defensive sector battle clasp will be awarded any one individual. A bronze star will be worn on the Victory Medal bar, when the medal is not worn, for each battle clasp awarded. A clasp will be awarded to each officer and enlisted man who served overseas and is not entitled to a battle clasp.

G. O. 83 states that stars will be worn on the service ribbon for each battle clasp awarded; therefore if you have a major operation battle clasp you are entitled to wear one star on your Victory Medal bar, but if only an overseas service clasp you are not entitled to wear a star on the bar. A man cannot be awarded both a battle clasp and an overseas service clasp. A list of major operations for which battle clasps are awarded, and also a list of service for which overseas service clasps are awarded, was printed in the Information Department of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, of January 2, 1920.

A. of O. Campaign Badges

To the Editor: Are soldiers entitled to any campaign badge for service with the American Army of Occupation in Germany?

CLAIR B. WINCHEL.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

No campaign badge has been authorized for service with the A. of O. in Germany.

Insurance

To the Editor: Is there any form of War Risk Insurance payable to the beneficiary in lump sum?

Corinth, Mass.

PAUL T. GISH.

United States Government life insurance may now be paid at death in a lump sum or in installments for thirty-six months or more, at the option of the insured. This change in regulations was made by the Sweet Bill, which became a law December 24, 1919.

Divisional Losses

To the Editor: What division lost the most men?

JACK BOLGER.

New York, N. Y.

The War Department credits the Second Division with having had the most deaths and most wounded.

Discharge Certificate

To the Editor: Is it possible for me to secure a discharge certificate that would serve as a permanent record of my service? On being discharged I was given a mimeographed discharged order containing the names of over 300 other officers and as this is on poor paper it is beginning to wear.

NORMAN C. KERSTILLER.

Sunbury, Pa.

An officer who did not receive a discharge certificate, at the time of his discharge from the service, should make application for same to the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., attention Room 422.

Female Technicians

To the Editor: Are female technicians, who were employed by the government in army laboratories, during the war, entitled to membership in The American Legion?

FRANCES A. MCGUIRE.

Aberdeen, Wash.

Female technicians who were employed by the government in army laboratories during the war and who were not regularly enlisted, inducted, drafted or commissioned in the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps are not eligible to membership in The American Legion.

Membership in American Legion

To the Editor: I was drafted in 1918 and sent to a camp in New York. I stayed there for fifteen days and then received a discharge from the draft. I was not mustered into the service. Am I eligible for membership in The American Legion?

J. H. MAND

Boston, Mass.

If you were inducted into the army prior to November 11, 1918, and served on active duty at the camp for the fifteen days before your discharge, you are eligible for membership in The American Legion.

Where Do We Stand in the Air?

(Continued from page 29)

by degrees of a highly organized war air machine to a peace air machine organized along competent lines under government supervision. France did this, and who may say that the needs for speedy demobilization were greater in the United States than in France, which fought for four and a half years on her own soil and lost twenty-five men for our one? Yet France, impoverished in man and money, created the Organ de Coordination Generale de l'Aeronautique, which was made a temporary adjunct of the War Ministry.

THIS body worked out a comprehensive commercial air program. Manufacturing plants taken over during the war were returned to their private owners and gradually changed from war to a peace footing. Men who had learned aviation in all its departments in the army were continued in their employment, at which they found they could make more money than they had before the war in their old callings. When these companies could afford it they purchased from the government war material and altered it to suit peace-time uses. When they could not pay the government took their I. O. U.'s. Within a year France had her peace-time air industry established on a sound basis, anticipating a brilliant future particularly in export trade. Contrast this wise policy with our own and decide which represents the true economy.

Our best chance now seems to lie in the immediate creation of a Department of Aeronautics along the general lines of the bill introduced by Senator New. This bill has the support of Assistant Secretary of War Crowell, who has studied the situation. Secretary Baker opposes it, as do a majority of army men. The army fliers unanimously support the proposal. Most regular navy men are opposed. Reserve naval flying officers endorse it.

The situation discloses a feeling akin to jealousy between army and navy air men. The navy seems to feel that it would be a pretty small potato in the great scheme, should all aviation be lumped together. It is true that navy aviation, while of the utmost importance in its sphere, is insignificant as compared with land aviation. The navy has come through demobilization better than the army. Saner policies seem to have prevailed. Its air force has been reduced from 3,117 officers and 45,000 men to 525 officers and 4,050 men, but its materiel is almost intact and is in good condition. The navy morale is high, and though

some feel keenly the parceling out of aviation functions, they believe an adequate administrative air organization will shortly be established within the Navy Department.

WITH that they are content, and hesitate to support a project which they fear army influence would dominate. They favor, of course, a strong commercial aviation, built up by the government.

To the outsider this seems to be taking a small view of a large matter. Colonel Dodd seems to take the broad view when he says, "Neither the army nor the navy, or both combined, can be expected to develop, organize and perfect aircraft and their employment to the greatest possible limits of which that weapon is capable." And aside from that there is the need of a separate air force, a distinct fighting service, such as the army and the navy, which experts of all countries agree is a tactical necessity for national defense. This force cannot be created within either the War or Navy Departments. It must have a department of its own. This department, however, should interfere in no way with the rights of the army or navy to maintain their own necessary air auxiliaries. The New bill would create within the Department of Aeronautics:

1. A separate air force along the lines mentioned. This force can either act independently under its own leaders in raiding operations or repelling enemy invasion by a like force, or when occasion demands, be assigned to the army or the navy and act under its commanders, as the Marines acted under the army in the A. E. F.

2. An army air force for observation, spotting gunfire and reconnaissance, organized and trained within the army and at all times under the command and control of the army.

3. A navy air force for observation, spotting gunfire and reconnaissance, organized within the navy and at all times under the command and control of the navy.

That is the program The American Legion backed at Minneapolis. It is a program that should go through, and then the army-navy squabble and official indecision could come to an end. America gave aviation to the world, but the gift was not absolute. We should retain our share. But here we stand, many men of many minds, while our former pupils outstrip us. China, it will be remembered, invented gunpowder.

One of the earliest acts by the Senate during the new year was the passage without a record vote of a bill to curb the activities of anarchists in the United States. The measure provides a maximum fine of \$5,000 and five years imprisonment for the punishment of seditious acts. It prohibits persons from advocating or advising by speech, writing or printing the forcible overthrow of the government or by physical injury to person or property. Another section

prohibits the display of flags and banners intended to cause riotous outbreaks.

The Atlantic fleet, composed of seven superdreadnaughts and accompanied by a score of smaller craft, is now in the southern drill field off Guantanamo, Cuba, for its annual maneuvers and target practice. Admiral Henry B. Wilson is in command, with the *Pennsylvania* as flagship.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The American Dead

To the Editor: I received a day or two ago a letter from the mayor of Bony, France, describing a pilgrimage made by the inhabitants of that town to the American cemetery, where lie the bodies of our dead, 1,680 in number, who sacrificed their lives in the assault upon the Hindenburg line, in the vicinity of Bony, September 27 to 30, 1918. The sentiments contained in this letter forcibly show the reverence held by the French people for the memory of those who made such great sacrifices to aid them in their fight for their existence. It demonstrates conclusively the effect upon the people of France of the presence of those white crosses marking the graves in their midst of the Americans who died for them.

Could there possibly be conceived any more certain safeguard against unpleasant relations in the future between France and America than these silent but reminderful crosses? Lying where they do, even the mortal remains of these soldiers continue to serve their country. Do those who urge the deportation of these bodies from France and their dispersion in America contemplate the results of what they propose? Everything was done that could be done at the time when the evidence was fresh to identify and inter the remains of our dead. The work of recognition and burial began under fire and before the battle was ended. To attempt now to remove and disperse them would involve not only great expense, but would carry with it many difficulties and regrettable incidents. Many men were badly mangled and shattered when struck by bursting shells. The bodies of others who were killed by bullets were later mangled by shell fire.

Before leaving France I caused to be recorded an expression of sentiment in each company of the regiments of the division, and the sentiment was almost wholly in favor of leaving the bodies in France, for it was then recognized that their later removal and reinterment in America, in addition to involving infinite difficulties, would reopen the wounds of sorrow occasioned by these losses. I have made it a point to question parents who have lost their sons in battle, and I find that with very few exceptions they either prefer that the bodies be permitted to lie in our own cemeteries in France or they are willing to be guided by the soldier sentiment in relation to the matter.

Undoubtedly the action of Congress in providing for the removal of the dead was actuated by motives of kindly sentiments, but it appears to have been hasty action adopted shortly after the armistice and before the sentiment of the soldiers could have been known.

With a knowledge of all the conditions, I hope that a strong sentiment will develop among the families of the dead, protesting against what to me seems



almost a sacrilege—the removal of the bodies of our gallant men from those sacred sites in France where they died together, and which will become places of pilgrimage for the honoring of their memory.

New York City. JOHN F. O'RYAN.

Would Tour France

To the Editor: A few weeks ago there appeared in this column a letter urging that the Legion take up the question of letting those who have been in France pay return visits to the scenes of their services and sacrifices. The plan so interested me that I took up the matter at a meeting of the Joyce Kilmer Post, of which I am president. The post went on record in favor of the proposition. I am convinced that you would find many hundreds of those who have struggled with the bewildering Francais who would be eager to take advantage of the plan. It would mean much cheaper travel and a jollier trip all round.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JOHN BLACK.

Long-Lost Watch Returned

To the Editor: Here's a compliment for the army worth mentioning and shows a bit of government efficiency. A year and four months ago I lost my few possessions on the ambulance train while returning from Chateau-Thierry—a pocketbook, a few souvenir coins and a German watch I had gotten in the Toul sector. Last week I received from the government effects bureau a sealed package by registered mail containing the long-lost property. Once I was offered two hundred francs for the watch but wouldn't take a thousand for it now.

New London, N. H. R. F. THOMPSON.

Excellent Publication

To the Editor: We are pleased to know that it was decided at the National Convention to hereafter make the annual national dues one dollar, for which each member will receive THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. I think it is an excellent publication and by providing this kind of an arrangement the WEEKLY will get into the hands of every Legion member automatically and serve as being the

means of keeping up his interest in the work of the Legion and also keeping him informed on what it is doing. The WEEKLY contains many things of vital interest to every ex-service man, and if it were not for an arrangement of this kind some members would overlook subscribing for it. This arrangement also makes it a means of the WEEKLY getting into the hands of many other people not members of the Legion, and attracting their attention to our principles and work, and serving as an educational medium which alone is one of the prime methods of promoting the 100 per cent Americanism we stand for. I think it is an excellent plan.

E. J. BRUCHER,
Post Commander.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Fight for It

To the Editor: There is a young wild west fight every week for the few copies of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY that do reach here, and one fellow told me this morning that his magazine was spoken for by six fellows and that I couldn't have it before the next issue. So let us have more, Buddy.

DR. L. E. DOUGHERTY.
Davis, W. Va.

In Behalf of Kreisler

To the Editor: Within the past week I have noticed that The American Legion has on two occasions stopped concerts by Fritz Kreisler. While Mr. Kreisler is an alien enemy, he is nevertheless one of the world's great artists. During the war Mr. Kreisler behaved as a perfect gentleman, offered no opposition to American participation and, all in all, has done nothing to merit the hatred of The American Legion.

I believe that such actions are belittling to the Legion. There are other grave questions that the Legion should take a hand in, and a forceful hand.

Lest these remarks be misconstrued, I add that my ancestors have been Americans since the earliest settlements here and participated in all the wars of the American government. In the present struggle my two brothers and myself all joined the colors voluntarily, and my father acted as a government representative in my home country.

Consequently I feel that I speak as an American when I suggest that the Legion turn its activities from Mr. Kreisler to more serious problems. Mr. Kreisler, to those who have heard him, is an exceptionally fine artist, and I feel that the Legion in justice to itself should visit his concerts and then there will be no need for such actions as have been noted in the press.

Chicago, Ill. H. R. CAMPBELL.

Does Anybody Know the Answer?

To the Editor: Can a service girl be a "buddy?"

Jacksonville, Fla. ANXIOUS NURSE.

Confession of a Company Clerk

(Continued from page 9)

turned in at Brest. With four top-kickers in a cabin, all sick, and the c. c. down where the fish snapped at the keys, the problem arose as to where this work could be done. After searching two days, I found an unoccupied bathroom and forthwith planted the Corona on a chair in the tub, while I sat on the hot water pipes. One of the pleasant thoughts of the late conflict will always be the keen joy eked out by typing a payroll in a bathtub on the wet and shimmering brine.

MANY a company clerk climbed the hill at Brest decorated like a community Christmas tree. French kids gazed in ecstasy on this individual, from whose pockets, belt and shoulder straps protruded payrolls, morning reports, sailing lists and maps. To them a muster roll looked like Diamond Dick's Western Adventure with the Queen of Sawdust City; instead of asking the c. c. for a mere "cigaretta papa" they tugged at this Yankee fiction while the perspiring object of their attention tried to get a French-English dictionary from his blouse to find the words for "beat it." Three French kids followed one c. c. four miles out of Brest begging for the typewriter he was toting.

Revamping a payroll in a pup tent under an oozing sky might be referred to as zero in the pleasure thermometer. But little rays of sunshine entered even into the life of a company clerk. One of these joys was that of going to Brest with a detail to help pick out the company property and load it on a train bound for the scene of action, this being the only detail allowed to look beyond the mud of the company street. Being the first bunch to sample the third-rail cognac was always held an honor, while it lightened the burden of identifying the units' barrack bags and big wooden boxes.

The life of a c. c. up the line was always fairly healthy, although getting in and out of the dugouts was a task fraught with much danger. If the captain's dugout was some distance away from the topper's, the c. c.'s troubles became more annoying, as he was frequently called over the buzzer to report with notebook. If he had to pass through a sector of trenches on the way, questions were shot at him by bucks about insurance policies

and allotments not received, and the c. c. would be delayed in reaching the enclosure. Shutting the curtains in the captain's dugout on a busy night was always a pleasant sensation.

After four days in the front line, four in support and four in reserve, the c. c. was always glad to get back to his machine in a pup-tent. The latest reports by the War Department show that no company clerk ever resigned while up the line to take his place among the bucks. This same report, however, reveals a long list of c. c.'s who are now partially disabled, having become stoop-shouldered getting in and out of shelter. All company clerks are thus entitled to compensation, either because of shoulder trouble or nervousness. And because of their faithful service a bill should be introduced in Congress allowing all c. c.'s to wear a silver star on the right sleeve where the wound stripe would ordinarily go.

This c. c. went from bad to worse—from company clerk to prisoner of war. He was escorted to a dugout where he found a French prisoner of war calmly shaving, his toilet articles neatly arranged at his feet. Right there I decided that he was a c. c., too. Who else would be so much at ease in a dugout? The Jerries watched him with bewildered gaze.

Life in a Heinie prison was a sweet dream compared with greeting the old company members back at Mineola.

A buck speaking:

"Hey, fellows, here's the old corp. How'd they treat you? Well, they ain't been getting only ten dollars a month of that allotment money at home. How come?"

"Haven't seen those two Liberty Bonds, old scout," from another. And so on, indefinitely.

It took nerve to look one sergeant in the eye. He had allotted twenty dollars a month to a wife who had left him, and then had it changed to his best girl, afterward changing it back to his wife and cutting the amount to fifteen dollars.

"Hello, Sarge, ever get that money?" I asked.

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Twenty-two Karat Opportunity

(Continued from page 17)

the receiving teller had finished counting the money. He told the other members of the "Big Six," and presently all Cascade City knew of it. Doane made an unofficial call on Mr. Van Veck.

"Did he land some new business?" he inquired after a brief display of friendly interest.

"Not a pound," averred Mr. Van Veck.

"Then where did Hollier land \$7,000?"

"Search me. I thought he'd be borrowing about now to meet his payroll with all

his repair work and nothing coming in. Beats me."

And so it was with the rest of them.

Hollier's new bank account grew remarkably, considering that he wasn't earning anything. Two weeks later he deposited another \$5,000 and caused a meeting of the "Big Six" shortly afterward when he gave the receiving teller \$6,000 more.

"I knew it," observed Cronister when the matter of Hollier's funds had been

broached in proper form. "I told you that fellow wasn't to be trusted. In some way, you'll find out, he has cheated us."

"Bosh," countered the more practical Krake. "You have been dabbling in Cascade stock long enough to know that nobody can make money off this railroad. If he's building up a bank account big enough to cover his obligations to us, that ought to be enough."

"And if he's making that much," retorted Cronister, "he's making more. And if he's making it that fast he didn't pay us enough."

"I can't get where he's making it," put in Doane. "I've been up the canyon, officially and unofficially, a dozen times, and I can't discover much going on except roadbed repairs. There's nothing mysterious between here and the end of the line except a lot of electric lights at the old Minadorca slime plant."

Chronister leaped nervously from his chair.

"I wonder if it's possible that the Minadorca turned out to be a gold mine," he broke in.

"Rot," interjected Krake with asperity. "If anybody knows the Minadorca, you ought to. The Minadorca isn't a mine; it's a quarry. Nobody ever found gold in limestone yet except some promoter keen to sell to the suckers."

"May be a porphyry dike there that we didn't know about," ruminated Cronister.

BALFE showed signs of impatience.

"I would suggest," he interrupted, "that we investigate this thing and take our medicine as it comes. If the Minadorca is a payer, the logical thing to do, of course, is to get it back. Make him an offer, and, if he refuses, drive him out. But let's quit shooting into the air. Hire an engineer to go up into the canyon and look things over."

Which is the reason that Jim Roderick, mining engineer and investigator, stole a ride on the ore train out of Cascade City and dropped off in the shadows before the puffing locomotive came to a halt under the tailings dump of the Minadorca.

Lights, hundreds of them, hung like a carnival festoon up the face of the cliff where the buildings of the slime plant—a few weeks ago rotting and abandoned—rose above one another on dizzy grades and shelves of rock. Atop the canyon wall bulged the shadow of a man with a rifle.

Roderick listened and caught the pounding of the stamps. The rock floor of the canyon vibrated with the steady throb of them. Five batteries at least, he judged, must be operating. He moved across the canyon to the creek and, in a spot where a sharp bend afforded a screen, examined the banks with a pocket flasher. The water was running red. Red mud smirched the clean gravel at his feet. Cyanide!

The engineer no longer puzzled over what he might find in the buildings on the cliff wall. The chief enigma was that any observer could have missed so obvious a trail. The Minadorca mine, rehabilitated and fully manned, was working as it had never worked before. He moved back

across the tracks and cautiously ascended the precipice.

He made a thorough job of his investigations. He stood in the shadows of the main hoist and watched the ore dumped from a chain conveyor into a crusher. He crawled inch by inch over the cutting rocks to the stamp mill and saw the pulp stream out from the mortars. A step at a time he inspected the plant from tank to tank and vat to vat as the sands and slimes parted company on their way to the cyanide.

Roderick believed in doing what he was paid to do.

At the time the guard shot him and ended his activities, he was in the assaying rooms and had examined the record sheets for a month of tests.

THE next morning the "Big Six," en masse, reinforced by Roderick, who carried one arm in a sling, waited upon Hollier.

"You haven't been square with us," charged Chronister by way of introduction. "We find that your purchase of our railroad was a bold-faced swindle."

"Praise from Sir Whoosis!" observed Hollier. "I'll admit that you ought to recognize a swindle when you see one."

Chronister's withered cheeks bloomed with anger. He shook his fist in Hollier's imperturbable face until Krake quieted him.

"I won't be insulted by a crook," he raged as he was forced back into a chair. "I won't."

"Go home then," suggested Hollier. "I didn't invite you here."

Balfe, who alone of the group seemed to have full possession of his faculties, took up the conversation.

"We'll give you the trick, Hollier," he said. "We're willing to pay for the lessons you've given us. We'll buy the Minadorca property back from you outright or make a deal for a partnership."

"Now we seem to be getting to the point," Hollier told him. "We'll start by dropping the partnership proposition. That would necessitate my association with Cronister. . . . As for the mine, I'm willing to sell. The Minadorca property is yours for the cancellation of all my indebtedness in the Cascade Line transaction, plus \$15,000 in cash. The \$15,000 is asked as a little reminder to your society of highbinders that you once separated me from that amount in one of your painless reorganizations."

Cronister started to object but was silenced. Krake entered into some whispered consultations with Roderick and did some figuring on the back of a letter.

The engineer, pale and bedraggled but still able to speak convincingly, turned to the former directors of the C., L. V., M. & W.

"I've seen the reports of the assaying room for a month back," he said. "And this, with what I have seen of the plant, causes me to advise that you accept Mr. Hollier's price."

"If he offers it, there's something crooked about it," objected Cronister, but his leadership of the "Big Six" was gone.

"We'll take you, Hollier," reported Balfe.

IT WAS only when the deal had been completed and Hollier's mastery of the Cascade Line was undisputed, that the armed guards were withdrawn from the portals of the Minadorca mine, and Balfe, as a representative of the "Big Six," allowed to enter the plant.

Hollier remained in the little office to pack a few personal effects as Balfe went on through the works.

The leaky engine and a little string of ore cars stood on the Minadorca siding, waiting to bring him back to Cascade City. He stepped to the door, signalled the engineer, and was just about to swing aboard as the shut-down whistle sounded, the pounding of the stamps ceased and a silence as oppressive as the dead stillness that precedes a tornado settled down on the canyon.

Hollier grinned, walked back into the office, and was starting into the plant through the assaying room when Balfe appeared, red with anger and out of breath.

"What the devil do you mean by this?" he demanded.

"What do I mean by what?" inquired Hollier pleasantly.

"There hasn't been any ore taken out of this mine since you've had it."

"I never claimed there had been, did I? I should think your investigator would have discovered that."

Balfe gasped, his surprise overcoming his rage.

"Then where did you get the stuff that went through your stamps?" he asked. "Or can you afford to give me that much information for \$15,000 and a railroad?"

"Surely," smiled Hollier. "I found a gold mine in the cocksure attitude of the 'Big Six.' Remember the Tincat case?"

Balfe nodded, without seeming to sense the application of the query.

"That suit was based on the law of apex. The mine owners claimed—justly, too—that your builders put a cut straight through their lode. It wasn't very high grade ore and the cyanide process hadn't got a good start, so you compromised the case by purchasing a judge. The ore you dumped into your roadbed as ballast. I found it out when I happened to read the reports of the trial in Deadwood. Then I bought this road on the gambling chance that the ore hadn't disintegrated. It hadn't. I replaced the quartz ballast with limestone and ran the road bed through cyanide. You folks have been playing penny ante with counterfeit money across a table of solid gold for years."

Balfe's mouth opened, but it was several seconds before he could reply.

"The road?" he queried.

"Oh, the road," replied Hollier. "I had almost forgotten. As soon as the Chicago and Pacific officials heard that the Cascade Line was out of the hands of the 'Big Six,' they made an offer to take it over. They need a pass through the hills into Wyoming."

Balfe shrugged philosophically.

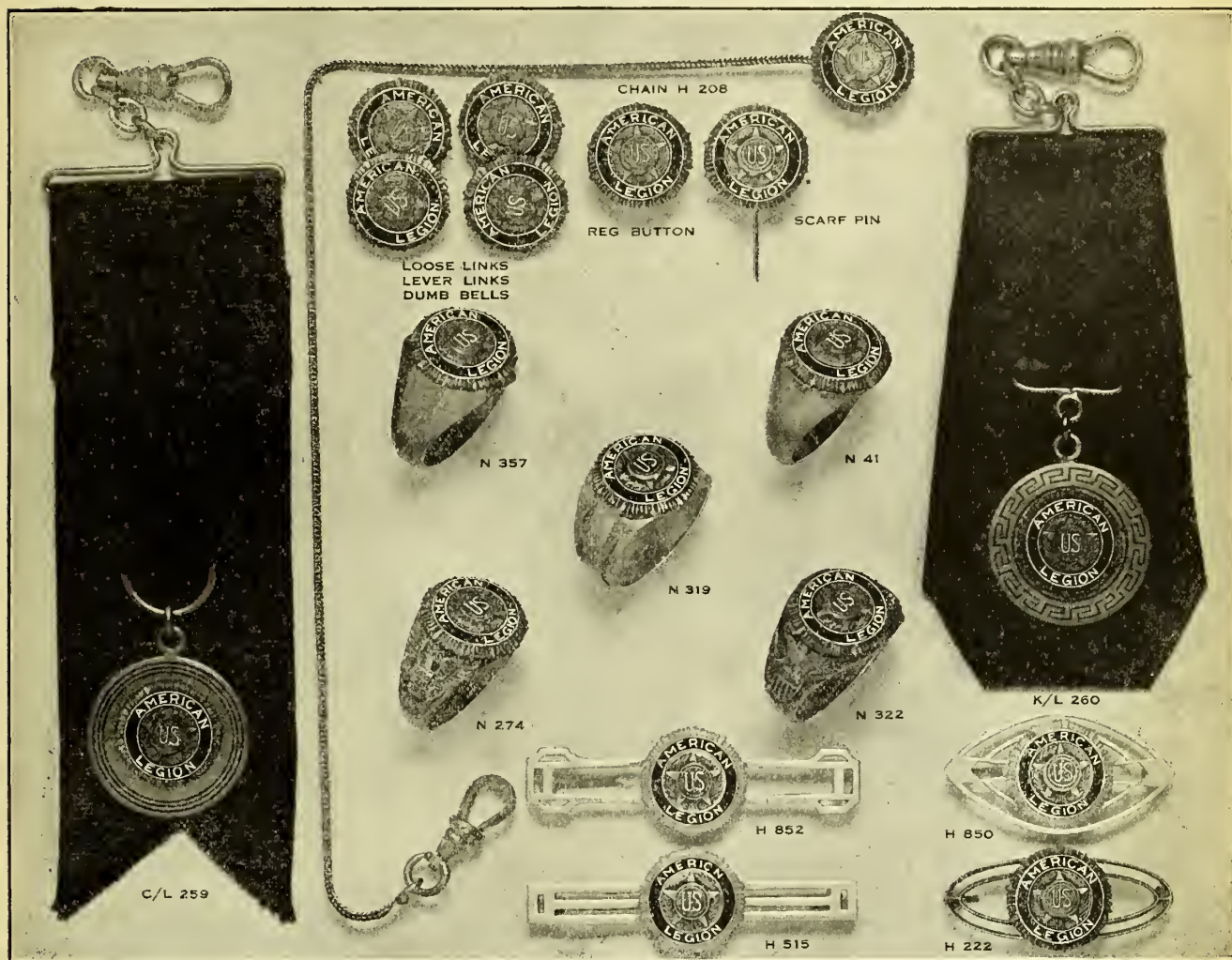
"Honesty's the best policy," he stated.

"If you'll give me a lift back to Cascade City, I'll unload my share of the Minadorca on to Cronister before he finds out what's happened. . . ."

And he followed Hollier to the waiting train.

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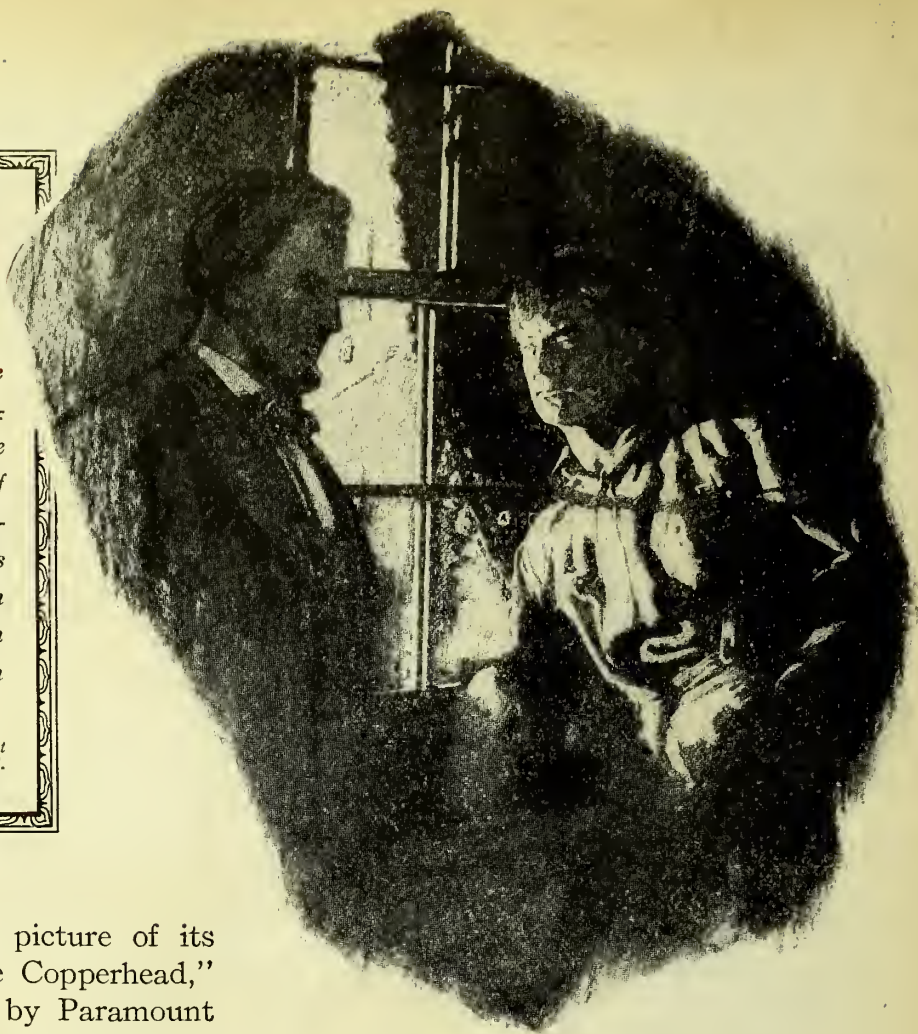
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